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TORYISM AND THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

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With an Introduction by
THE RT. HON. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P.



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INTRODUCTION

TORYISM, like every profound and vital principle, is capable of continuous adaptation to the ever-changing facts of social life. It confronts the new data, interprets the facts afresh, and enriches itself in the process. The essay which follows is a brilliant example of this truth. The qualities with which the author has often relieved the tedium of debate in the House of Commons to the delight of all parties are here engaged in a novel restatement of the Conservative faith. I think most readers will agree that the task has been carried out with an originality, not only of expression, but of thought. We may quarrel with this emphasis or that contrast, we may think that reason and instinct, philosophers and biologists, are too completely divorced, or our obligations to the intellect underrated, or we may disagree with a particular estimate of this or that politician or event. What we must admit when we reach the last page of the essay is that the experience of reading the book has been thoroughly exhilarating, for it has often been provocative, always suggestive and never dull. Conservatives no doubt

will be strengthened in the faith and will feel anew its power of meeting the difficulties of our time. But there is here much more than a defence of loyalty, tradition, and continuity in our national life. There is also an attempt to help the lay reader to share in the light thrown upon some of our deepest problems by recent scientific enquiry. This we should all welcome, whatever our party connections. The future lies with that party which, while holding fast to the proved lessons of the past, is prepared to incorporate the increments of new truth vouchsafed to us by modern science.

STANLEY BALDWIN.

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TORYISM AND THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

I

A FIRST CHAPTER

It has been the fashion to divide political creeds between those who would preserve and those who would destroy, the quietist and the revolutionary, the Conservative and the Radical. This is not the most useful angle from which to consider the political groups of to-day. There are two main questions, one domestic and the other foreign, which challenge political thought. They are found everywhere. The unifying tendency of modern life is nowhere more evident than in the increasing similarity of party politics in States all over the world. The wide distribution of the quarrel suffices by itself to show that we are dealing with a world problem—rather a conflict of philosophies than the casual clashes of local opinions.

The main question of domestic politics is that of equity in the production and distribution of industrial wealth. The main questions in foreign

affairs are those of nationalism in its different bearings. The labels of Radical or Conservative are of very little use in considering these questions or their solutions.

The Socialist or Labour parties throughout the world, the parties of the Left, concentrate chiefly on the first question, that of industrial wealth, its production and still more its distribution. The parties of the Right, the so-called Conservative parties, are specially pre-occupied by the problems summed up in the words 'the Nation'; the problem of the geographically-based community, its proper relation to other similar communities, and its authority over communities and corporations within its own borders. The quietists or the revolutionaries may be either the Right or the Left according to the state of the question under consideration.

These questions are both novel. The production of industrial wealth is a thing of yesterday. Till that time, wealth-production had to be considered almost entirely in terms of agriculture (mines were very special questions and were specially dealt with). Commerce was a 'venture' quite other than the 'business' which it has recently become. The work of man was to till the ground in the sweat of

his brow. The engines, the horse-powers, the steel men, have modified this deeply, and we are seeking to find where all the parts fit.

Nationalism also, in the sense of to-day, is almost as new as industrialism and infinitely powerful. It is the driving force of the political world of our times, both West and East. If its creeds are violated its slogans will certainly and rapidly raise a group to a crowd, and a crowd to a mob, in any city from China to Peru, and these slogans lose none of their power when applied to rich or well-educated men. Nationalism is uneasy and almost explosively violent nowadays because of the pressure which can be exerted upon a population by the moving one way or another of the boundary of a modern State. The transforming powers of a modern State are very rapid and effective. The chief of them is the huge engine of potential propaganda formed by compulsory education (there is also in most countries the conscript army); but instances accumulate daily, such as broadcasting and the cinema. A community, therefore, feels that it may be not only attacked but digested by other communities in a way which it never apprehended before. An increased sense of

power is reinforced by an increased sense of peril.

Both in nationalism and industrialism the problems cannot be solved by sitting still, and no party proposes so to solve them. The different lines are different lines of attack, and there is not one party of motion and another of rest. The division is in their objectives and in their beliefs. What are the beliefs, the philosophies, inspiring the rivalries of Left and Right ?

The thesis of this book is simple. It is that in England the beliefs of the Right are descended from the beliefs of a great mass of people held for hundreds of years, based on the observation of life and not on *a priori* reasoning. These beliefs are first in a humility of the intellect and therefore a trust in continuity ; a conviction that whatever has worked once may work again ; and finally a certain optimism, believing that external affairs are on balance friendly to mankind, that they are good, albeit good and irrational ; in fact, that though they may slay us, yet will we trust in them.

This attitude was politically challenged by the rise of the rationalists, the mathematicians, the men of laws and numbers, who grew continually

in power from the sixteenth century onwards, and became practically supreme in the early nineteenth. They opposed to the beliefs set out above an arrogance of intellect, a disbelief in tradition, a conviction that what has once worked is probably outworn, and finally a certain pessimism, believing that if the universe were good it was rational and good, which is to say rational by our standards, which is to say that if it slew us, either we were wicked or it was unjust. It is the whole theory of the Social Compact. It is this whole theory that is challenged by the Right.

The creeds of rationalism and mathematics do not square fully with the facts of life as we observe it. The philosophical basis of the beliefs of the Right is sound. A new synthesis is necessary here because of the recent work of science, more particularly since science in the nineteenth century turned to observe life instead of blackboards. This work supports the general views of the Right. The check to the Left will be not temporary but permanent, and the Utopias of the nineteenth century, based on the thought of the two centuries before, have passed and will never be revived.

The Right and the Left, both faced with the same
Br

new problems, are attacking them each by their own methods. The division between Right and Left is not a division between quietist and radical, but between rationalism, the strength of the rationalist Left, and instinct, based on tradition, the strength of the observationalist Right. The thesis of this book is that reason must walk humbly and take second place to instinct, and that this squares with the immense and growing mass of scientific observation all over the world.

Now since Right and Left are not the general English synonyms for parties, and since there are many to quarrel upon a name, let us divide the partisans into Tories and Others. And so to business.

II

A CHAPTER OF PARTY HISTORY

FROM HAMPDEN TO WESLEY

TORYISM cannot be discussed merely in abstract. In England especially, where the popular genius is so greatly interested in the conduct of public affairs, it must be considered in its parliamentary manifestations. In interpreting these, regard must be given to the historic 'parties' of English affairs. The great parties are the electoral colleges where public men are catechised and criticised, both in public and in private. An observer who limited his observations merely to the set-piece tournaments between the respective sides would go far wrong. The eventual purpose of the party system is to ensure responsibility of leaders, not merely to the nation (which has no real way of venting its displeasure upon a culprit), but to the party, which has a thousand. Toryism, therefore, cannot fairly

claim to be examined apart from the party or parties through which it has operated.

It is true that 'parties' in previous centuries must not be too rigorously compared with parties of to-day. In the years around 1640, when the nation was moving rapidly towards actual armed civil conflict, parties were in a state of organised tension to be compared rather with Ireland from 1916 to 1922 than with anything of which we have experience around Westminster. Again, in the third and fourth decades of the eighteenth century, the parties fell away almost into desuetude, for England was resting and beginning to dream of new things.

The huge standing party organisations, whetted both centrally and locally to the last edge of keenness, are the special product of our own days. We must struggle against the temptation to read history backwards. The mere physical difference of the number of electors would of itself almost suffice to invalidate comparison, especially for the century before the Reform Bill of 1832. The 'voters' roll' of our agents and organising secretaries, running to pages and books of close-set type, produces a difference in degree so great as to be almost a difference in kind. The 'free and independent

elector' was in many a place throughout the two hundred and eighty years of British party history almost as rare as a J.P. is to-day, and his position was much more that of a juryman than of 'a voter.'

Further, the constant revival of political quarrel in local-government popular elections—contests originating within the last hundred years—produces nowadays a definite listed enrolment checked and encouraged by an army of permanent party officers. The vested interests of the secretaries and agents are quite a new factor. Many a time, in the past, the party labels, save for the leaders, the heads of a few great houses, were vague almost to indefiniteness. Yet the wonder is that so much of the interplay still seems familiar as we look back. A General Election such as that of 1784, when Pitt tackled Fox and North, was any man's game, even as that of 1922, when Mr. Baldwin came out against Lloyd George. The 1784 Election, now so long ago, was regarded as the proof of an argument where the whole people were assessors, and where the great ones ranged themselves under emblems with a tradition running back even then for generations, and with names which have continued into our own time. The fact for surprise is not that there is so

little resemblance, but that there is any at all. Think for a moment of the chasm that cracked across French history between 1784 and the end of that century.

The continuity of English party politics has its best parallel in the continuity of British regiments. There you will find the persistence of names and apparently little else. There march the Coldstream who were organised on the Borders to upset the British Republic two hundred and sixty years ago. There are the Buffs who fought in the Low Countries before there was a British Army at all, when England had a land frontier just north of Newcastle. What now remains of their purposes? The very names of the regiments betoken functions and weapons which have long since passed away. The Grenadiers are not specially concerned with grenades—the Rifle Brigade would be as much astonished as anyone else if the troops to right or left produced a smooth-bore musket—the light Lancers, the heavy Dragoons, the Carabiniers, all ride past at Review, the same men with the same horses, and went up to the trenches at Ypres on the same flat feet or motor 'buses. But no one who knew British Army history would minimise for a moment the power, the strength, the value, of these intangible traditions.

The Gordons know that by tradition they are 'a swanky lot,' but they also know that they have automatically, and of right, to fraternise with the Gurkhas wherever they foregather. The Guards know that they must preserve a certain detachment from the line regiments, but they also know that a staff officer of Sir John Moore declared above Corunna, even before he saw them, that the Guards were approaching, because of the sound of music and men marching in step, when other whole regiments were dissolving into their component parts.

Such is the power of tradition ; and such is the pull which now helps, now thwarts, British politics, both in philosophy and in action, and can never be completely ignored. Thus the Tories of to-day feel a certain responsibility for the countryside even though they neglect it, and the Liberals remember that free speech and the tolerance of conscientious objectors ran in their blood from the days of the Dissenters and before.

One fashion in which this thwarting appears is in the very history books of the historians. The English are a most homogeneous people, and they all, and inevitably, take sides. Remember that no historian in England for hundreds of years but

has been canvassed for one or other political party, has in most cases voted, has in many cases, like Macaulay, taken a vivid and active part in the work of Government-making which originated in the very events which he was describing. It is difficult for other nations to realise, or for ourselves to discount, the undertow of opinion thus formed. No man can be an M.P. and unbiased. Sir Charles Oman in his library, before his writing desk, cannot but recollect, even subconsciously, the many, many evenings of his life in which he sits shouting in unison with two hundred others of his own side and against a hundred and fifty Oppositioners, calling upon heaven to frustrate their knavish tricks. This process was applied by England to men even so remote from the fray as Sir Isaac Newton, M.P., or Sir Joseph Larmor, M.P. Therefore the heading, 'A Chapter of Party History.' We cannot get rid of bias. Let us therefore acknowledge it. Nay, let us proclaim it.

Does it seem far-fetched, this assertion that our history books are for the most part but pamphlets, Whig and Tory, having the election paper-back reinforced with a goodly buckram? Take then, since we are about to consider the Long Parliament

and the Civil War, the vexed question determining the very split itself. Take the question of ship-money. We all remember the general impression of that great plea which remains from our school days : an illegal extension of taxation, the implication or the assertion that here a source of revenue newly discovered by the Crown was in process of active extension, not merely for naval, but for general, purposes. Then the stout defiance of Hampden—the citizen against kings—the stubborn contest, the treacherous judges, and, finally, the happy ending as the Long Parliament sweeps this abuse away. But see how the naval historian puts the same facts.

In 1588 England had held the Channel against the Armada. In 1603 Elizabeth died, and James came to the English throne. In 1604 he actually abrogated the right of his subjects to trade with the whole New World, and acquiesced, in 1606, in the sending to the Spanish galleys of Englishmen thus captured ' trespassing ' where Drake and Hawkins and Grenville had sailed and marched and chartered. The withering of England's sea power was swift and dramatic. ' The years that followed Buckingham's death (1628),' says Callender,¹ ' are among

¹ *The Naval Side of British History.*

the saddest in our maritime history. Not an English river nor an English harbour was safe from insult. Pirates infested the lower reaches of the Thames and Severn. Portsmouth was entered by foreign ships who levied blackmail. The citizens of Plymouth were seized by alien privateers and carried off to serve before the mast. The West of England and South of Ireland were raided by Barbary corsairs in search of galley slaves. The once proud ships of London shrank to a total of ten above 200 tons. Foreign fishermen landed in Lincolnshire to mend and dry their nets and drove off with musketry the outraged owners of the soil. The Algerine pirates were specially daring ; they raided the English harbours, in five years carried off 266 ships and in every case of capture sold the ship's company into life-long servitude. The honour of England suffered the last indignity when in 1631 the Royal Fleet fled before a squadron of privateers.'

It was to remedy this situation, and only to remedy this situation, that a levy for the Fleet was imposed. In 1634 the summons was for ships or a money equivalent, the traditional and legal right of the Crown for sea defence. It can well be imagined that ships were few. But the money

came in well. In the next year the levy was extended to the inland counties also—which was doubtfully legal but certainly equitable, since all England's work comes to the sea at last. It was then that John Hampden joined issue with the Crown, fought through the courts, was beaten, and carried the matter to Parliament, where he organised a party and carried his case. It is true that he carried it on the tax control of the Commons, a constitutional principle of enormous—indeed, of paramount—importance. But in discussing the case our historians never give us the preamble of slavery and defeat ; they never emphasise, and hardly ever mention, that the ship-money was indeed used, as well as collected, for ships and ships alone. Nor that the first ship-money fleet put to sea in the very year after the tax was levied ; nor that while this revenue was strained to build and commission five ships of war, the Dutch East India Company required annually a fleet of thirty, and Blake for his campaigns in 1652–1653 demanded two hundred sail of the line.

The picture of Hampden defying the King himself in a struggle for the rights of Englishmen is no doubt the overmastering factor, and it must

never be forgotten. But unless we allow also for the sick misery of the people of Plymouth and Wexford, and the humiliation of the English sailors sweating under the lash of the dark men of the Mediterranean, we cannot grasp all the anger and impatience of the Crown and its supporters with the parliamentarians of Buckinghamshire and their logicians' dilemmas.

These unconscious suppressions are continued in British history and will inevitably recur in the pages that follow. Let us therefore call histories for what they are.

Is there a practice of Toryism apart from the reaction or obstruction of which latter-day critics accuse it? Look to the times when parties were born, and follow down to our present day.

We are compelled to turn back from this year of grace and watch the rise and development of the Party System. This was first manifested in Parliament; a full examination of the development of Party would no doubt logically lead us back to the development of Parliament, and from that in turn to the development of the social system in which it had birth.

Projects so ambitious are beyond the scope of this work. We must make a start somewhere. Take the year 1641, the second year of the Long Parliament; the November day in that year, November 22nd, when the motion of the Grand Remonstrance was debated—furthermore, the hour on that day when the division had been called, and the minute when the Speaker stood on his feet, after fifteen hours' debate, to declare that the 'ayes' had it, and that the Grand Remonstrance should pass. This arbitrary point we take for our departure, admitting all the time that you may mark history anywhere, but you must cut it nowhere.

The Grand Remonstrance brought the whole matter to a head. It might be compared to an 'Address in Reply to the Most Gracious Speech from the Throne.' It was on this occasion moved by the Opposition. It set out in uncompromising terms the complaints of the subjects against the Executive. The circumstances of its presentation were most vital. The Long Parliament had been elected following upon the Short Parliament. The members had assembled with deep grievances against Charles the King. They had in their first year taken the most drastic action against him and

his Ministers. They had attainted and executed Strafford, the King's agent, his chief Minister, in the teeth of the King's vehement desire and even of his pledged word. They had abolished the Royal Court of the Star Chamber almost by unanimity; they had held up Supply, the votes of money by which the business of the realm is carried on. Yet, in their second year, the Grand Remonstrance—the formal motion declaring their wrongs—had a majority, in a crowded House, of eleven only. For, when Parliament had reassembled after the recess, a phenomenon most frequent in English affairs instantly had become apparent. The English Revolution was running down and not up. The maxim that appetite comes in eating has never been true of the English in any activity of life. The course of events was manifest in the division lists. The majority against the King had sunk, in eighteen months of full success, from two hundred and four votes over fifty-nine (the majority which condemned Strafford) to this majority of eleven members only. Why had this happened?

It was the sense of tradition, of the past and future, that lay behind the minority of the Commons—the Tory minority. Here is manifest the major

tenet of Toryism, a belief in continuity. Over and over again in the history of the parties this is made manifest. Toryism is first of all the creed of continuity, the knowledge that a generation of men is no more than trustee in the name of the past for the sake of the future.

So the grumblers grumbled and began to hang back. Difficulties, consultations, arrangements, there had been—would be again. This policy of revolt was leading men further than they cared to follow. True, said they, kings needed to find their place—the day had passed of the Tudor dictatorship that dragged England through the Reformation and faced down Spain. But the King there had always been, and who was to say that this county magnate, Hampden, or this well-to-do brewer from Huntingdon—Cromwell, Williams, whatever he was called, coming down to the House with a spot of blood on his linen where he had cut himself shaving—would be easier masters? Besides, whatever Mr. Hampden might say, the inland counties had full as much benefit of the Navy as the sea-port towns. And ought to pay towards it. And the Navy had terribly fallen away since the days of the *Great Harry* and the *Revenge*. And Charles

was doing something at last to restore it. Ships, by Gad, damme sir, yes !

How one can hear the buzz as they came back from the division ! How familiar, even, the eager comment of Cromwell that " had it not been carried he would have sold all that he had next day and never seen England more " ! 1641—1741—1745—the 'Forty-five—for a hundred and four years England was to be in turmoil through what flowed from that day.

" *Nolumus*—we are unwilling," said the high ones many years before, " to change the laws of England." It is a long business.

The parties, Roundhead and Cavalier, Whig and Tory, appeared on that November day of 1641. The Tories, though beaten, were in good heart. It is one of the traditions of the House that a good defeat is better than a narrow victory, an example of how greatly politics differ from war, reason from force. The good omens were not fulfilled. Within a twelvemonth the King's standard had been raised in war and half the nation ranged against him.

When was the step taken to change so deeply the running stream of history ? It was on the 4th of January, in the year 1642. That day Charles, with

the arbitrariness and rigour of his Scots blood, came to St. Stephen's and seated himself in the Speaker's Chair. He spoke to the Commons, demanding surrender of the five Opposition Front Benchers who had carried the Remonstrance. He had men with pistols in the Hall and at the doors to enforce his command. The five members were not delivered to him.

This was the last act of a monarch in England. Or the last act but one. The very last was when Cromwell locked out that House with his own hands.

Kingship and monarchy are two very different things. Latin America at this day, or in the days of our uncles, was obviously full of monarchs though possessing no king: England, which was always a Kingdom, was scarcely ever a monarchy. Only under the Tudors and under Cromwell did monarchy exist. The rest of our story, the history of the parties, is the story of kingship and the parties under the king. Let us then define.

What is a king of England? The great English ideal of order is the ideal of a team—a group acting and re-acting—an ideal which emerges in every aspect of the nation's activity, down to its games and its dancing. The kingship conforms to the

team ideal. A king in England is a king in council. On this all parties are agreed. As old as the kingship is the King's Council. Executive acts flow normally from the Crown in Parliament, and it is a characteristically English thing that the very name of our most arbitrary act of power (such as has brought us to the verge of war, time and again) is an Order in Council ; the metaphor is of a Committee's decision. (Even in 1915 and 1916, you will read in Ambassador Page's *Letters* that the Cabinet could not change this title, not though it should bring the half-continent of America to range itself against us. The laws of Britain, though they could bring a Boer General from Africa to give orders in Whitehall, to share the Government in London, having no seat in Parliament nor even English blood, could not, as the *Letters* set forth, in this other respect be so stretched or changed.)

But Charles was unwilling to be the captain of a team. He broke the rules when he appeared in person against the Opposition. He did not grasp, for his father, the son of Mary Queen of Scots, had not taught him, that he was neither a person nor a Sovereign, but an Estate of the Realm. And so even to-day, when the Messenger comes from

Another Place to call Mr. Baldwin to hear the Royal Assent to the Electricity Bill given by the King or the King's Commissioners, the door is slammed, and the Commons' servant, with a sword, looks out through a little grating lest the gun-men have come again. This is a land of long memories.

The quarrel between Charles and his Council of Parliament was patent and undeniable. But the flat breach was unnecessary. The passing of the Great Remonstrance had led to a general feeling that the dispute was being pressed too far. Already the familiar 'conversations' had begun to take place behind the Speaker's Chair and the leaders on either side were moving towards agreement—if not upon the whole question, at least upon definition of the real points at issue. The appearance of Charles and the gun-men changed all that. The parties disappeared, or rather they were transformed, turning from 'party' to 'faction'; from discussion to 'getting things done'; from peace to war. But what was 'done' was done by a section of the nation and not by the whole. The King in Council had disappeared from England. Towards the re-establishment of this balanced order the nation has never since ceased to strive.

The fact that the two English revolutions were not insurrections but true Civil Wars—one part of the organised Government in conflict with the other—produced eventually a feature of our State which has been a source of great peril to the Commonwealth. Ignorantly imitated, it has wrecked Parliamentary institutions in more than one country. It was the fact that a part of the organised machine won and thereby suppressed the others. This meant in England the transfer of the sovereignty of King, Lords, and Commons—the King in Council, the Crown in Parliament—to an elected Chamber and an elected Chamber alone.

A sovereignty abolished and renewed completely every five years or less is a sovereignty that never grows up—the rule of an omnipotent infant. An elected chamber alone can never find the tenacity of purpose necessary to wear down the long designs of families ; of organisations ; or even of individuals. Continuity, the necessary conduit pipe of energy, must have an independent frame. This was supplied, in these days, by the Lords or the Armies ; to-day by the organised bureaucracies. Government must include not only an elected but also a selected element. What is more, the selection

must include a long-term element—most difficult to ensure in the storm of elections. In recent years, coincident with the decline of the House of Lords, this has been introduced by the rise of the great Civil Servants, who, save for the fact that they may not speak in public debate, are now more truly members of Parliament than many elected representatives.

In the days of the first Charles, however, and for a hundred years to follow, all this was in the veriest embryo. When Cromwell, the soldier of the Commons, established himself as master of the British Isles, it was nominally as the servant of one part of the Government alone—the Lower Chamber, the financial Committee, elected anew from top to bottom every half-dozen years or less. He had also, and needed it, a majority in the real Lords, the colonels of the regiments. At his death the two organised bodies of the day, the Commons and the Army, fell into line and sent to Europe for a king. It was still the elected Committee which issued the invitation. So Charles the Second, though he returned, returned as servant and not as equal. It was not long before the Commons subdued the Army and thereafter reigned supreme. But this explains why the Commons

became the sole seat of sovereignty in our nation, and why many a time a party, having established its power in the elected Chamber, found with surprise that in spite of lobby majorities the nation would persist in looking past them to its own definition of Parliament—the King in Council—so that, as in Pitt's election of 1784, apparent weakness in the representative Chamber was no true image of popular sentiment. And this is a source of perpetual astonishment to the Whigs of all ages, even to this day.

The reign of Charles I ended on the scaffold in 1649. To that succeeded an Army dictatorship of a kind made familiar to Europe in post-war days. The dictatorship of Cromwell produced no party manifestations. Cromwellian government was neither Whig nor Tory. It was not even English. It was the achievement of Cromwell, *alias* Williams, himself, son and grandson of the Glamorganshire Welshmen called Williams, who had moved to Putney, and thence to Huntingdon, to live on confiscated Church lands. It was an attempt at a theocracy, a very favourite Welsh device, but this time resting on an armed and disciplined Fascism of soldier-theologians, with Cromwell as the soldier-bishop at its head.

The Army dictatorship, in spite of its theocratic origin, proceeded according to type. The Army in power anywhere in Christendom always attempts to set up a puppet Chamber (produced as far as convenient by the machinery of popular election) to do its bidding ; and generally abolishes it at an early date, declaiming the while against the unreasonableness of politicians. So it was in this case. Cromwell's first Parliament carried through all manner of reforms, urgently needed and not all accomplished as late as the nineteenth century, such as the disfranchisement of small boroughs and the increase in county members. It failed completely as an organ of government ; its reforms failed with it, and Cromwell ruled alone. He died, and his son Richard actually succeeded to Cromwell's throne—but Army dictatorship is the one thing no man has ever succeeded in devolving upon the first-fruit of his loins.

Richard's first Parliament disappeared, and the fag-end of the Long Parliament, now called the Rump, began to appear and disappear in a series of dissolving transformations ; ending amidst universal joy on that night of February in 1660 when Pepys saw the bonfires—thirty-one at a glance

from Strand Bridge alone—‘ and all along burning, and roasting, and drinking for rumps.’ The liquidation of a revolution by a banquet of roast meat in the streets is one of the most English things that has ever happened, or could happen. Whatever was done in that hour, was done by the popular will.

A Coalition of all parties arose to claim the right of Englishmen to make fools of themselves in their own way in spite of the authority of the chapels or of the drill-sergeants. The game was still in the balance till part of the Army itself came out for the black coat against the red. It was a general, Monk, who declared for a free Parliament. This voted forthwith that ‘ according to the ancient and fundamental laws of this Kingdom the Government is, and ought to be, by King, Lords and Commons.’ Charles II was summoned to England, and the first Parliament of his reign was so overwhelmingly Tory that it was in serious and continuing danger of being more Royalist than the King.

It was hoped that all would now go well again, and the English, with that childlike confidence which they alone of nations possess, assumed that this dynasty which they had transplanted in the time of their father from Scotland, and thereafter

potted out again for a time in Europe, would forget all that and devote itself whole-heartedly to its singularly fortunate destiny of reigning in England. Alas ! dynasties, like the mandrake, are not uprooted without groans ; nor are they ever replanted.

The twenty-eight years from 1660 to the Revolution of 1688 present the fall of the Stuart dynasty as a tragedy with all the simplicity and strength of a Greek play. The English nation, having suffered under the saints and wise men, desired again the national English thing of which it had tradition—a Kingdom, and a King who pretended to no greater wisdom or holiness than themselves, but who should centre in his person all the towns and the counties, who should share with them seedtime and harvest, and who should enjoy hunting and horse-racing, and high feasts in the noble houses they would build. But, above all, he should be theirs and no one else's—and in general, no one else's in Europe ; and in particular, no one else's in Rome. England, at once insular and cosmopolitan, but never with a whole heart European, had decided that, once and for all. Therefore, the attempt to replant the dynasty failed, in spite of the passionate devotion of the Tories and the

outstanding qualities of the two kings. This was the rock it split upon: that the National party found itself committed to an assault upon the National Church, for James was openly and Charles secretly a Roman Catholic.

Consider how strong at first the position of the dynasty was! When Charles died, the first House of Commons of James II had in 1685 only 40 Whigs out of 539 Members, and no one dared to second even Seymour, a Tory member, in urging the traditional consideration of certain business before passing to vote the King's Supply. The Tories had found a creed very simple and worthy, the creed of loyalty, and they meant to solve all the national problems upon this basis. Yet in 1686 the Whigs (who had abandoned the very name of their party the year before) were inviting William of Orange to come into the Kingdom, and by June of 1688 the Whig invitation of 1686 was reinforced by many Tory signatures. The Tory formula of loyalty, of obedience in doing even the wrong thing so long as it was commanded by the right master, had broken down along with the other formulæ of that stormy forty years.

In no other way could the parties be sure of

preserving that very English national and now traditional affair which dated back before Cromwell's Republic, back to the days of Queen Elizabeth—the Church of England. The Tories acquiesced, but sullenly, as men do when their dreams go wrong, and after some years they went altogether into Opposition, and the Whigs ruled in Britain with brief exceptions till 1761; indeed till the younger Pitt breathed life and hope again into the Tories in the election of 1784.

What were the outstanding differences in policy between the two parties in that hundred years? The Tories, as far as they were anything, were 'naval and nationalist,' though most of all they remained in the counties and awaited new times. They were never European save under protest. They loved the Kingdom and loathed the King. They had joined to overthrow the Monarch reluctantly and through the very fervour of their nationalism. They desired isolation, they desired to hold aloof from the Continent, and it was the thought of Rome in control and only that which induced them to revolt.

It is true that this withdrawal produced through the passage of time a merely 'non-Government'

attitude amongst the Opposition. The Whigs drew to their side all the vigorous non-party minds devoted to the work and interest of Administration, the Tories began to believe that in practice all Government was an ingenious device of their hereditary opponents, and watched the growth of all official organisations with disgust or with apathy. But the Tories held in their hearts remembrance that whatever they were now they had once stood together, governed together, suffered together, and together gone under. The memory of a common disaster, honestly and unflinchingly endured, is the world's greatest unifying force. So it was to prove in this instance.

The Whigs, then as now Europeans and Interventionists, desired to join themselves to the great conflicts shaping across the Narrow Seas. They had still less sympathy with Rome than had the Tories, but they desired an offensive and not a defensive policy. They regarded the Fleet as a convoy to the troop-ships, they felt the strength of England like a poised ram swinging to their touch, and already in their minds were shaping the marches of Marlborough twenty years later, and the carrying of British arms across the watershed

from North Sea to Black Sea—from Rhine to Danube.

It was a great risk that they shouldered. Sweden, also outside the full currents of Europe, had tried the same adventure over the Religious Wars. Sweden lost a million lives, the great wars lopped a cubit from her stature and left the grandsons of the conquerors nothing but bankruptcy and epic memories. To similar hazards Britain now stood committed. William of Orange by the autumn of 1688 had accepted the invitation to a throne, and he stood down the Channel with a vanguard of Dutchmen and a rearguard of Englishmen to land at Torbay in November. With scarcely a challenge he walked to London. And though in 1689 the Commons without a division passed a Bill declaring Standing Armies unknown to the laws of England, yet the regiments began to muster and the wars abroad started forthwith, not to be really broken off till the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713.

General principles run through party history for over a hundred years ; the Whigs for the Continent, the Tories for the shires. Time and again the Whigs, having led the nation to long and victorious war in Europe, look round for approbation and find

the elections going against them and the soldiers called home. Is it more than a guess that the long national memory is a cause, that the nation remembered the collapse, reign after reign, of the conquests in France, the fall of the Plantagenet and the Lancastrian Empires, and the failure at last to hold even the Channel bridgehead ports? The Tories, faithful to their doctrines of continuity and of loyalty, marched as the Governments said. But they always believed in the lands to plough and to sow, both here and overseas, and in very little else. When the Members for Calais ceased to sit at Westminster the Tories had done with the Continent. They were not interested in conquest. What they wanted was local government.

It is odd but indisputable that they were found from time to time to move and settle across the Atlantic. This was not entirely voluntary. Persecution has done much to found America. The great virtue of England's persecution was that it was applied alternately to every section. New England was filled with the Puritans, but Virginia with the Cavaliers. We remember the *Mayflower* and the persecuted Pilgrim Fathers, but are never told of the slave-ships of Cromwell carrying the

vanquished Royalists to the auction-blocks of the West Indies.

Carolina is taken from the name of a king, and so is Charleston. In the Cavalier States of the South something arose with no parallel till twentieth-century Kenya. But that is another story and a long way from the Glorious Revolution of 1688.

The wrestle of the religious creeds had brought the tension. It likewise produced in 1688 the only leader upon whom the Alternative Government could have crystallised. You will not get a great man to make a life's business of seizing an alien kingdom and assuming the Sisyphus-task of further government when he has found work to do of his own ; and few great men walk the world idle till a situation is offered. But William of Orange was protagonist in a quarrel where kingdoms were no more than by-products. He conquered England in an afternoon and held her for a life-time, because he desired fervently to leave her speedily, and absent himself for as long as his new subjects would permit. What was in his eye was the King of France ; and what in his mind was the Church of Rome. In the strength derived from contact with these two gigantic powers, even as enemies, the

Whigs, first with him as their swordsman, and then alone, ruled England (with the briefest and most occasional of intervals) for eighty years to come.

The bias of the Whigs towards the Channel remains unchanged to this day. The Geneva Protocol of Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, the new Whig of 1924, met the same instinctive national withdrawal as was manifested in the Utrecht Treaty of 1713, the first to make a real break in the wars and get Englishmen out of Europe. There the Tories gained a majority in the Commons, and created twelve peers, to turn the balance by one vote only in the Lords. Forthwith they brought the soldiers back from Portugal and Flanders. They made an *Entente* with France, and turned from the victories of Blenheim and Malplaquet to the divisions on Bolingbroke's Education Bill. (It was carried in April 1714 by a majority of 111 in the Commons and 5 in the Lords. *Requiescat.*)

The Tories had rallied, it is true. They had a majority in both Houses and had first made peace. But the whole of the policy of any party hinged upon being able to come to Council with the King—or the Queen, as it was for the moment. In August 1714 the Queen—Queen Anne—died, and the

succession was again in hazard. The event was unexpected in its suddenness. The Stuart dynasty, growing in exile more and more distant from the current of national life, canvassed the chances of its candidate for the kingship. But their man, the Old Pretender, had had no share in the breaking of the French lines at Blenheim or Malplaquet, or in the mooring of the huge stone ship of Gibraltar under the new Union Jack at the world's gate of the Mediterranean. Moreover, his creed was suspect. The moment passed. The Tories were rent asunder. Again the conflict of loyalties tore across the party—loyalty to the National Church against loyalty to the once national King. The Whigs went to a petty German state, the Electorate of Hanover, with a coupon for a throne, and brought back a princeling who could not even speak their language. The bitterness of the Tories, who saw their dream frustrated yet again, and still would not march to bring King Stork to replace King Log, is summed up in all the clash of that time—in speeches, in songs, in risings, such as the '15 and the '45, and in the proverb 'Queen Anne is dead,' which for two hundred years became the very example of a piece of news so momentous that it was bandied from
Dr

mouth to mouth long after its occasion of freshness had passed for good and all.

Take the ballads of the day and consider what it meant when the natural supporters of the throne had nothing to cheer themselves but

*Wha' the deil have we gotten for a King
But a wee wee German Lairdie,
And when they cam' to bring him hame
He was delving in his yairdie.
But the hose and but the breeks,
Plantin' kale an' dibblin' leeks,
And up his beggar duds he cleeks,
This wee wee German Lairdie.*

Or for a picture of national indecision the vivid self-mockery at the Sherifffmuir scuffle that settled the fate of the rising of 1715 :

*Some say that we won
An' some say that they won
An' some say that nane won at a', man.
But of ae thing I am shair,
A fecht there was at Sherifffmuir,
And we ran, and they ran, and they ran, and we ran,
And we ran, and they ran awa', man !*

A terrible joggle of a sea had been raised, wind against tide, before these songs were sung in the regiments and the country houses. The Whigs, who knew their own minds, seized first their majority—150, in 1715—and in 1716, with the passing of

the Septennial Act, extending Parliament almost indefinitely—two elections only in fourteen years—riveted their supremacy upon an acquiescent people.

Their first act was to move again into the European system. Treaties with Holland and Austria put an end to England's isolation ; not till 1726 did Bolingbroke, back from exile, begin even to organise the Opposition.

It was on this very subject of foreign policy that he fastened to re-form a party of the Right. The adoption of a German Prince had meant the adoption of a German Principality. Hanover was a commitment abroad such as we had scarcely known since the days of the Plantagenets. It was a land frontier on which the Fleet could give no help ; therefore the Hanoverians were bound up with the Army, and the old Tory prejudices against any standing armies at all came to reinforce the new arguments against a German dynasty. But the Whigs went from strength to strength. They had now organised a body almost as powerful as the Church—the 'City.' The Bank of England, established in 1694, was not by accident but by necessity a Whig body (since any new *régime* would inevitably have questioned its predecessor's debts).

Walpole came, rose and reigned, and the accession of George II in 1727 is a date of little importance as against Walpole's Premiership of 1730 and Newcastle and Pelham's successful forging of the ever-victorious Whig party machine. Bolingbroke died in 1757 with the Tory Opposition still opposing, and the great Whig Lords holding the country in an unquestioned mastery. The Highland rising of 1745 roused England not at all: neither north country nor west country moved, and the Government that year could afford to have their columns manœuvring on the Continent, even in defeat at Fontenoy, while the Stuarts at Derby hoped and feared to march upon London.

That was indeed the end of an old song.

Meanwhile the Western nations had begun their conquering marches abroad, which have not slackened till our own day. France and England, voyaging restlessly over the world, found new conflict in every continent. In 1741 they discovered a battlefield in Hindustan. In 1744 the elder Pitt first appeared in office, having fought his way into the ring of the Whig oligarchy. It was within a few years of that date that the Tories began again to wish for a chance to determine the nation's

policy. Ideals had appeared which appealed to all sections of the nation. The shires as well as Westminster desired a hand in shaping them. There was critical war with France in 1756. In 1757 Pitt was in power, and in 1758 he was 'virtually a dictator.' In June 1759, Clive conquered at Plassey, and in September, Wolfe settled the destiny of North America at Quebec. In the same year we won at Minden; and the very recital of the three names shows how fundamental has been the new orientation of British affairs ever since. Any of us could recount the lives of the generals in the first two of these battles, thousands of miles overseas though their battlefields were: compare this with the bland ignorance with which we survey the third, only a few days' ride from Westminster.

Pitt was making to leave the Whigs. Once they had carried him, now he was carrying them. He was moving away from the Continent more definitely every day. He was tired of the oligarchs of the great houses, of their systems, of their ideals. What the Whigs wanted was power and no fuss about it. And to swing Europe. And they wanted India. The Tories were looking for a chance to break the great Whig houses and try their own hand at ruling.

A redistribution of forces was inevitable. First, however, had to come the end of the Seven Years' War and the liquidation of the war-mentality.

George the Third came to the throne in 1760. The new Parliamentary State had now been fully accepted. Parliaments met each year without question: the parties had moved with the times, and the Tories, though still in opposition, were now not merely willing but anxious to serve in a new administration, so it should be of their political complexion. The constitutional duel was over and both continuity and loyalty pulled in one line. So came the General Election of 1761 and the first defeat of the Whigs, to which we shall return anon. The Tories had come back into politics. The nation was agreed upon trade, upon adventure but not in Europe, upon a certain greatness, a magnanimity in the policy of those who desired to lead it. It was on these terms that the Tories decided to play in politics. It is in these terms that Toryism must play to lead to-day.

So much for politics. What was happening in the world of philosophy?

From 1688 to 1760 had been the reign of the 'languid Deists.' The metaphysicians were Hume

and Berkeley, Hutchinson and Bishop Butler. After the Revolution of 1688 the philosophy of John Locke exercised an unquestioned superiority. The kernel of his philosophy was 'that all our knowledge is derived from experience,' and the mathematicians and encyclopædists began to move up in mass formation.

These names are of less importance. A real philosopher was at hand. John Wesley, who had been born in 1703, began preaching in 1739. He renounced Calvinism in 1740, and from then till his death (1791) he altered the thought of England. Wesley was a real philosopher, a mystic, and had been fired again with the age-long irreconcilabilities. He went out to the highways and the byways preaching openly and avowedly that he believed because it was impossible. He was a practical psychologist. The essence of his creed was 'conversion'—a sudden psychical alteration producing the most drastic changes in the conduct of the individual—a fantastic, incredible, but daily occurrence. (We have all seen some young gentleman fall in love.) It is probable that more than any other single man he averted the English Revolution. There is no space to go into details. Consider

only the fact that Britain freed the negroes in seven years' peace (1833-1840), for twenty million pounds, and that it cost the United States four years' war, two thousand million sterling, and nearly six hundred thousand dead when but thirty more years had passed. The drive against slavery was the drive of Wesley's men and their descendants. It is true that the actual Bill was brought in and passed by the Whig Government, as was that for the abolition of the slave trade in Fox's brief spell of power a generation before. But in both these cases the measure received the hearty good will and the warm congratulations of the Tory Opposition ; and Tory Prime Ministers in power, such as Canning, showed that the Tory support was no mere lip-service. This is but one of a score of examples. In prison reform, in sanitation, in the temper of the governors sailing for overseas, the beliefs of the mystic proved the inspiration of the administrator. This was most evident in the campaigns of Lord Shaftesbury against the new slavery of the factories.

Now Wesley was a Tory and a Church of England man, heart and soul. He had to go from his Church or fail in his message, and he chose the former.

So he took station with the Dissenters. But Toryism by no means ignored his works, as Shaftesbury's name alone will prove. Toryism is not and cannot be a creed of logic. The great mystics, the men of the great assertions, must always be its inspiration, and it ignores them or neglects them at its deadly peril. In the case of Wesley it most fortunately gave his words full weight.

Nothing is surer than this, that with a different philosophy in France (which is to say a different religion) the French Revolution, as we know it, could not have taken place. When one seeks for the difference between the state of religion in France and in England one returns upon Wesley and no other.

The long sapping and mining by the logicians was producing its results. In 1762 was published Rousseau's book *The Social Contract*. In 1763 ended the Seven Years' War. The paragraphs of the book of Geneva were more important than the clauses of the Treaty of Paris. We shall return again to the philosophers.

And, by the way, in 1765 at Glasgow, Watt produced the steam engine.

III

A CHAPTER OF PARTY HISTORY

FROM PITT TO DISRAELI

WE are in the year 1763. The Seven Years' War was over. Peace had come in a familiar way. There had been a change of Government. The General Election of 1761 had returned an anti-Whig majority. The English had become uneasy about Prussia, whom they had been supporting, and about the Brunswickers whom they had been paying. Overseas, Rodney had broken the French line of battle in the West Indies, and Wolfe had stormed Quebec. Pieces of tropical Empire as large as kingdoms were beginning to drop like ripe apples into Britain's lap—Florida, Havana, the West Indies. The new Government returned with both hands these perilous endowments. They were content only to share in the sugar islands. But they held, almost unconsciously, to the great cold

spaces of Canada ; the fisheries, the forests, and the farmlands. True, they retained Canada to hand off the French from the northern frontier of their new Empire. But this was an Empire of farmlands—and they were willing to leave the French naval bases upon the great trade routes from the Indies. And in the division on the peace terms they brought 319 votes into the lobby against 65.

The period of Europe begins to pass, the determining events in British foreign politics happen thousands of miles away instead of scores. All this, too, long before modern methods of communication had brought Whitehall to the elbow of every lodge-keeper in the wildernesses. The American voyage was still counted in weeks and the Indian in months. The plans against French Senegal (a fleet to sail one year, to occupy the next in the reduction of the colony, and to return in the third) were drawn with the same vast leisureliness which stamped the old march of the Chinese armies against Tartary, or the southward coastings of the explorers of Pharaoh. It is easy to exaggerate the importance of swift machines. The American continent was a factor of much livelier concern to the Cabinets of

1770 than it is to those of the present day, and the sneers of the coffee-houses at a Minister who did not know that Cape Breton was an island seem nowadays rather forced to any but the most studious geographers.

In the burning-glass of the great distances, the energy of Great Britain focused to a point, and the old apathy of the Tories melted away. The group of the Whig houses which had originally admitted Pitt as a recruit found him beyond their power to bind. His year of victories in 1759 had given him prestige. It was under Pitt that the real emphasis began to be cast, then and later, upon the territories overseas as against the wars in Europe. Nor was this in any way outside the national tradition. As long ago as the times of Elizabeth, Sir Walter Raleigh had gone out to seek lands 'not held by any Christian prince' and to bring back news of Virginia, the great empty fertile land, as the real gospel for his country, though he was forced in the evening of his days to titillate the greed of a king by floundering up the tropic Orinoco in search of an imaginary El Dorado. The thought of new land abroad under a friendly summer sun, and settlers based on the furrow, not on the mineshaft, had

rested with the people ever since the plantations of Shakespeare's days, and the ships had always been sailing. In 1774 the population of the thirteen States of North America was some three million souls, overwhelmingly of British origin, against some seven million in all England. There were far more Britons across the Atlantic than in all the home country north of the Trent, Scotland included. Nor was the process at an end. In 1768 Cook had come to Australia.

It was in such circumstances that the Tories had returned to British politics. Pitt, who had started as a Whig, evolved a kind of Lloyd-Georgian administration of his own. George III, the new Sovereign, on his accession in 1760 found himself the first King of England for over seventy years who could really speak the language. (Queen Anne, no doubt, could have, but she never did.) This led George to an endeavour at personal government, which Pitt's great influence on the whole tended to support. But Parliament had by this time achieved such a position of dominance that no one could govern without securing a Parliamentary majority. To rule by himself the King had to organise and lead a party there. Though he did it

marvellously well, yet all parties fall at last, and the danger of an immortal party leader is the most insistent lesson of politics.

The King became leader of a coalition that was partly Tory and partly pure George III (the ' King's Friends '), and the inevitable result of an irreplaceable executive emerged, a numerically powerful body of M.P.'s with no principles save the support of the Government. They formed a Government and moved into office.

The Whigs were in opposition at last. The Tory-Coalition was finding its feet—and losing them. It was laying the foundations of a party ; but it was also preparing to have a war, and to have a war with the American Colonies. The Government, through an insistence upon the theoretical supremacy of Parliament and a desire to collect war debts (both, no doubt, laudable objects in themselves), drove into the American War of Independence. It failed ; the Empire, as it was then, fell apart utterly and completely ; and the second dream of Empire (the first was the conquest of France) had been frustrated, as utterly, it seemed, by General Washington as heretofore by Saint Joan.

In 1780, with a Tory-George III Government still

in power, Great Britain was 'at war with America, France, Spain, and Holland, and there was a crisis in Ireland and in India.' It is unnecessary to say that the Government fell, or to detail how the Opposition—the Rockingham Whigs—took office in '82. The Coalition Government had failed. The straight party Whig administration returned to power on a basis of the recognition of American independence and the breaking in two of the English of the time.

They turned to India as the true example of Empire. Clive at Plassey had marched and fought in the floods and heat of the fateful summer of 1759. He had assaulted and broken Surajah Dowlah's army of 35,000 infantry, 15,000 cavalry, and 53 heavy guns, with a force of 3,200 men in all, of whom only 1,100 were Europeans. Clive set up a new ruler within a week, who on the morning after the accession put £160,000 sterling to Clive's own private bank account. And Clive said before his judges, the Select Committee, in 1773, these resounding and significant words: 'When I recollect entering the Nabob's treasury at Moorshadabad, with heaps of gold and silver to the right and left and these crowned with jewels, by God! at this

moment, do I stand astonished at my own moderation.'

It helps one to understand at once the attraction and the terror that India had for Governments of that day, their eagerness to listen to Clive and the conquerors who urged that here was a new and far more lucrative destiny for Great Britain than in clearing forests or sea-combing the fisheries. Also Chatham's warning against 'the influx of wealth into this country which has been attended by many fatal consequences because it has not been the regular natural produce of labour and industry.'

The looting of an ancient civilisation to produce a series of wealthy retired gentlemen in irrelevant corners of the English countryside has been found in practice to be an ideal not sufficiently inspiring. The very reason of the conquest failed. So we have seen India taken over by a sort of Priesthood of Difficulty, the Indian Civil Service, and the phrase 'The White Man's Burden' discovered—probably with a greater shock to the souls of the Nabobs made perfect than anything else which has ever rung in the heavenly courts.

But this was far in the future. Toryism, however laudable its ideals—and, let us repeat, the theory

that the North American colonies should help to pay for the North American war was perfectly just—Toryism had broken the Empire. The immediate consequence was the fall of the Government; in particular, the end of the personal party of George III. This was a small enough matter. The larger matter was the coming of a belief, through all the parties, that the ideal of great kindred States overseas had been a fallacy, and that in the mastery and management of alien civilisations and not in the founding of new growing Powers of our own, to tackle the problems of greatness from bedrock, lay the true glory of a people.

We have seen the dispute last into our own days, and it is still far from resolution.

Return again to the Parliament of 1782 where King George had fallen and the Tories with him, and the Whigs were introducing their Bill for securing the patronage of the India Services. The Whigs in their turn had formed a Coalition—a coalition of all the machine bosses, to stay in power for evermore. The younger Pitt saw his chance and struck hard. He forced an election in 1784, going for a Tory majority, and a new party Government. He won. So it was on a Tory majority that

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there began to blow the storm of the French Revolution.

It is held by Lord Hugh Cecil that the French Revolution is the real origin of modern Conservatism. Certainly there is this to be said, that the arrival of the logicians in power, coinciding with the Industrial Revolution, wrenches the world violently to the form which we all recognise. George III did not die till 1820. The old, old, old King had begun his reign in an Empire which passed loyal Addresses to the Throne in New York and Massachusetts, an Empire which had never seen a steam engine and scarcely a metalled road, before the great Enclosure Acts, before the Highway Acts. His accession was only fifteen years after the march of the Highland swordsmen to Derby, through an England of seven million souls, when Lancashire was still the picturesque home of lost causes. This King died in 1820, when already twenty years had passed since the foundation of Tennant's Chemical Works and the fortunes of Margot Asquith.

In 1790, Burke, an Irishman, began to formulate Tory creeds and Tory philosophies anew. The mathematicians, having reached their battle positions in France, were delivering their assault. The

good they did has been blazoned to the world and is indisputable. But Burke began to insist also upon the harm. In 1792 Burke joined the Tories and continued thenceforward to explain to them how right they were—to their equal gratification and astonishment. In 1793 the Opposition was but 50 strong, for the French Republicans, the Bolsheviks of their day, were instant and triumphing. At Valmy their raw gunners had hammered down the Prussian guardsmen. At Wattignies, Carnot's sudden concentration was coming, to rip through the whole coalition of kings. The Master-Gunner of all time, Napoleon, was on his way. Irresistible gunners—irresistible engineers—the mathematicians, though they are poor philosophers, are wonderful soldiers.

The mathematicians, however, were on a flowing tide in every branch of human activity. The French Assembly was making all things new in the light of reason. They even invented a lady goddess, the Goddess of Reason. They made new months of the year, they made new days of the week; they made new coins, new weights, new distances. They produced a new sacred number, the number ten, by which all things were to be regulated. They decided, in the

light of reason, to abandon the old 'foot,' which was derived, so tradition said, from the foot of Charlemagne; and they adopted a fraction of the distance between the North Pole, which they had never seen, and the Equator, which was an imaginary line. They gave it the solemn and reasonable name of 'metre' or 'the measure.' Needless to say, they got it wrong, and the metre remains to-day, like any other measure, a convention adopted as an act of will by a proportion of mankind—only of rather an inconvenient length.

The sacred number ten deserves perhaps a moment's consideration, since it is so excellent an example of false reason. The cause of the adoption of ten is, say rationalists, because multiplication and division may be so easily accomplished by a decimal system and the moving of a point this way or that. Not at all. This is the superficial reason, because our notation changes at that point—1, 2 . . . 9; 1(0), 1(1), 1(2), etc. But our notation changes at that point from no inherent mathematical cause, but merely because you, gentle reader, have five fingers on each hand, making ten in all. When, like you, primitive man had finished both hands, he began again to enumerate his digits,

whose number he shared with the newt, all the unspecialised living vertebrates, and most of the fossils.

But five is one of the most inconvenient numbers to figure with, since it can neither be divided into halves, thirds or quarters. The five-fingered limb was evolved millions of years ago to transmit power and not to reckon by. Therefore by practice many races have worked out a foot that should contain twelve inches, a shilling that should contain twelve pence, a day that should contain two periods of twelve hours, a year of twelve months, etc., etc., etc. Against this the rationalists still wage unceasing war—in the name of Progress.

The French Republic, in pursuance of its rational (and in many ways reasonable) ambitions, came to war with Britain. This was in 1793, and the issue was, first, rational frontiers, the Rhine, the Alps, the Pyrenees, and thereafter, as strength grew, the rationalising of Europe; one law, one weight, one measure—and one set of ideals. The party conflicts died down and parties petrified. The Tories remained in power. By a mere coincidence this period covered a fundamental social change, the Industrial Revolution. The gigantic industrial

development of modern Europe commenced on the British coalfields, in the atmosphere of the barracks and the eighteenth-century barracks at that. Iron puddling began in 1783; the steam engine was applied in 1774. It was in the war years that these enormous powers came to fruition. The population of England in 1760 was some seven million souls, a level not altered by twenty per cent. in perhaps two hundred years. It moved up to nine millions in 1801 and to twelve millions in 1821, starting on the course which it has pursued to our own day. The people piled into the tall factories. No one looked, no one cared. In 1802 there was a truce called the Treaty of Amiens, and in that year the first Factory Act was passed. It was a dead letter; the armies and the navies emptied the Treasury, the suck of the battlefields emptied men's hearts, and the Industrial Revolution by this sheer accident was founded in the bitterness which we know.

Meanwhile, the mathematicians had marched into every capital in Europe. But they had begun to come on some disturbing facts. In 1808 the Spanish people evinced the most unaccountable opposition to reason and said they preferred Spain. The

Spaniards have more than once considered similar great problems and returned an answer. The last time the question had come up from the South with the clear monistic formulæ of Islam. The Spaniards pondered the matter for some centuries and decided that Islam was mistaken. On this occasion their verdict is more immediate and as definite. This, therefore, may be taken as a crucial point in the origin of the new philosophy of Europe, which has since reached such terrible proportions—the philosophy of nationalism. The philosophy, not to say religion—a religion demanding and receiving human sacrifices. This marks the uprising of the popular current, soon to be reinforced by a scientific current, of an interpretation of existence opposed to that of the reasoners and based upon observed life—which is to say biology, which is to say mysticism—a denial of the statement that one and one make two, since we can see from our own observations that if one is male and the other female they may make a hundred. To this we shall come in a further chapter. Meanwhile, let us note that the current of popular mysticism, namely, nationalism, draws strength from yet a further source, that it is neither altruism

nor egoism, but a further creed which has been called Nostroism, the creed of *nostri*, which means 'ours.' That is to say, not naked devotion to self, or selfless devotion to others, but a system which, by making a group the ideal, combines the drive of the first with the idealism of the second. And what is this but an extension of the well-known fact that a mother will cheerfully trample a whole society underfoot in the interests of her babies, or that, as the Frenchman said, 'Fathers of families are capable of anything'?

At first, science, even biological science, appeared to support the rationalists. That support was by the very nature of things ephemeral. Our own days have seen the end of it. The tide had turned. A fighting creed came into the world based on mysticism, obviously and consciously irrational, and proud of it. The mathematicians began to fall back in that hour, and have been in retreat ever since. The counter-offensive of the Right was under way.

All this affected British politics only in so far as the Tories of that day realised, sooner than anyone in Europe, what would happen. It was to Spain

that they turned, to Spain that they sent the Expeditionary Force, Moore, Wellington, ships, guns and reinforcements. It was they who forged the teeth of the trap in which the Master-Gunner struggled. It was they who marched across the sierras of Spain, the country where a small army is beaten and a large army starves. It was they who forced the Pyrenees, who assaulted Toulouse, who made peace on French soil. Not they, indeed, but the wave that lifted them—the nationalism of Spain, now reinforced by the nationalism of Russia, by the nationalism of Germany. All Europe moved. It was a bad day for the armies when they changed the ‘*Marseillaise*’ for ‘*Veillons au salut de l’Empire*.’

The Tories had enjoyed the solid support of the nation: the Interventionist Whigs, the navalists, the royalists, the churchmen, the manufacturers who cared not what happened so they could drive faster the new wheels. For this was a conflict of philosophies, and the philosophy of England had long since taken sides. In a choice between being rationally governed or following one’s own devices, England knew without discussion where she stood.

But so solid a support meant that no new thinking was in train. The Peace Conferences of 1815 came and passed ; a wise moderation and a builder's determination were shown—the Tory tradition in practice—by Castlereagh, the Foreign Secretary. How grim his stubbornness only our war-generation can appreciate. (He refused Alsace-Lorraine to Prussia, his fighting ally, and signed an alliance with France, the enemy of yesterday, for both to fight Russia, his comrade of yesterday, if she insisted on annexing Poland.) He in his turn returned the lands of ready riches—the Spice Islands, Java, the lesser India—and held to the farmlands, the cattle country, the wool country, the high plateaux of South Africa, where was invented that epic definition of overcrowding, 'when you could see on the skyline your neighbour's chimney smoke.' He broke with the Continent at last (in communion with his Tory fore-runners) over the Holy Alliance of Emperors and the automatic launching of wars to ensure peace—again a phrase which only our peoples can fully appreciate. It was finished, the war, even that war, at last after twenty years, and behold ! we are in our own days with franchise extensions, and

Home Rule Bills, and Free Trade and Tariff Reform.

Into these quarrels we shall not go. No one will map a mountain in a sandstorm. Yet in a footnote let us leave it on record, that not for the first time the vanquished led the conqueror captive. The creeds of addition and subtraction appeared, not in one party, but in all. They were, for the men of those years, not only the dominant, but the only possible view. The mathematicians, beaten in the field, were still supreme in the lecture-room. The Tory philosophy was withering at its roots. Castle-reagh died by his own hand. Canning was gradually overborne by Peel. He had the strength before his end to formulate in a phrase the great policy 'to bring a New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old'; but this was the end of his work. His young men found no place in the councils of the party. They passed into a group and then altogether into secession.

The great creative phase began to change. The Tories were left to front the reconstruction of post-war Britain with nothing but Peel and Peel's manufacturer's maxims. They took to arithmetic and were lost. The Whigs, who knew their own

minds, came rapidly to the fore again. Lord Grey in two elections (1830 and 1831) came back with a Whig majority. He carried the Reform Bill by 345 to 239, it passed the Lords in 1832, and the Parliaments of modern times began, with the passing of the iron Poor Law and the building of the workhouses.

These Parliaments have since greatly pulled about the social structure, partly in endeavours upon social reform and partly in an attempt to formulate the conditions of the Industrial State. For the first, opinions divided on the surface are fundamentally at one: the principle that no one shall be allowed to go hungry (which carries all the rest) was enshrined in English practice and theory as far back as the Norman Conquest.

The second is a wider and a deeper matter. Much of it has hinged on so-called 'Protection' and 'Free Trade.' Note first, that Free Trade was part of a philosophy not merely of free imports, but of a general 'hands off to the community,' so that Bright quite logically voted, not only for slave-grown sugar, but for the right to work children of thirteen and upwards for *longer* hours than from half-past six in the morning till eight o'clock at night, in his

factories. The Tories remembered that they had once fought for the Executive and a national organisation, against the lawyers and those who denied control altogether. They took up the quarrel. Bright, indeed, was opposed to any new Factory Act at all, even this one, and spoke vehemently against it. "He was my chief opponent," said Shaftesbury. But Shaftesbury in the long run carried the day, and one clear half of Free Trade disappeared unnoticed.

Note also that the principle of a filter of imports—Imperial Preference, which has the support to-day of nearly the whole nation, including a great slice of the Socialist Party—existed as long ago as the Corn Law of 1815, in a preference of 13s. a quarter to Canadian wheat. It was swept away entirely with the Repeal of the Corn Law in 1846. The battle was fought again on sugar, where even the mild criticism was defeated that to abolish our own slave-holding, and yet eat the food produced by everybody else's slaves, savoured altogether too much of an attempt to make the best of both worlds. In these debates Disraeli comes into prominence for the first time. He carried a back-bench amendment against Peel's Conservative Government of

the day, to reduce the duties on sugar grown under proper labour conditions as against sugar from the slave plantations.¹ But three days later the Government summoned its legions, and the amendment was defeated, Cobden and Bright, needless to say, voting solid for slavery. In 1848 Disraeli and Bentinck succeeded in getting a Committee which produced a differentiation of 10s. in favour of colonial sugar for six years. This was all that could be accomplished.

In embers such as these the last suggestion of a control of imports was stamped out. Meanwhile the control of home production has proceeded at an ever-increasing rate, the results of which are around us. It is only within the most recent years that questionings have again arisen. Can one side of the Manchester sheet of blank paper be covered from top to bottom with restrictive covenants, without any of the writing showing through to compromise the virgin purity of the other side? It has been left to the neo-protectionists, the Labour Members of the Clyde, to stress the incredible

¹ The amendment of 1846 stated : ' In the present state of the sugar cultivation in British East and West Indian possessions, the proposed reduction of duty upon foreign slave-grown sugar is alike unjust and unpolitic, tending to check advance of production by British free labour and to give greater additional stimulus to the slave trade.'

difference of scrutiny accorded to a waggon-load of steel from Motherwell or a ship-load of steel from Antwerp shot down at the same works dump ; and to question, from the Labour standpoint, whether the magical virtue of salt water in washing away all stain from any goods brought from overseas is as efficacious as the nineteenth century would have had us believe.

It is within still more recent years that the first inklings of an industrial policy have begun to dawn in the text-books of the Right. The key is seen to lie in the policy of high wages, the policy of lifting the consuming power of the masses, the revelation of an almost unlimited power of absorption of the home market, and the indefinite removals of the saturation point. In tandem with all this comes the diffusion of ownership through joint-stock shares. The strength of the Right, however, is devoted, and properly devoted, to hammering in the lesson that this policy can only succeed if coupled with a policy of high production. But that is a long story, and only time can test the conclusions of that debate.

Let us add every possible emphasis to the fact that the lowest of all the wages are the wages paid

to the unemployed, and that anything which brings these men again into production ought to be fostered and extended as the first step on an upward path.

There is Toryism in action, good and bad, losing an Empire and keeping a people; believing in loyalty, holding to continuity, uneasy at logic, the creed of the Right, but willing to follow a great man anywhere; trusting to its crops and to its ships, and hating the chain of the slave if only because of the other end which is around the wrist of the master. What are its conditions to-day? What are its material problems? What are its spiritual conditions? Let us escape from the dates and be our own authorities.

IV

A CHAPTER OF STATISTICS

THE major task of parties in Great Britain has become, and still is, an attempt to formulate the conditions of the Industrial State. Toryism, like the other parties, has this problem always presented to it. How does the problem appear to the Right in the twentieth century? Most of this chapter must be taken up in the survey.

The everyday structure of existence to-day differs so materially from that of a hundred years ago that we must take care not even to exaggerate the differences. The chief single factor marking off our generation from its predecessors is our command of Power. In power must be included both the power available for driving engines, either on land or sea, and the power available for raw heat, which includes both the domestic uses and the working of metal. Power to-day is drawn for the most part from fuels, coal and oil, both found underground.

There is a proportion derived by hydro-electricity from waterfall, but it is small—of the order of 10 per cent.—and not capable of indefinite expansion.

The new development has more than one aspect of interest and importance. One interest lies in the capricious nature of underground distribution of power in relation to the old surface areas, mining against agriculture, the lower mile against the top four inches, though this last still holds pre-eminence.

We are working newly-discovered continents beneath familiar sites, where men with pickaxes for scythes go to reap a new harvest. It upsets the old relation of nations, it upsets the old relation of countrysides. All its aspects are romantic, beyond dreams or imaginings.

The power from fuel by burning, like power drawn from food by eating, derives from sun-heat. The irregularity of fuel distribution, however, and the social strains which the use of fuel has produced, come from the fact that in fuel we are drawing upon capital and not interest. Both for nations and for classes disproportionate results for equal labour inevitably arise. The tall tree-ferns, the mosses, the swamp-plants, that went to make up the coal-seams, were in their day crops, annual increments

as authentic as the forests of Canada or the wheat of Norfolk. But they were stored and heaped and heaped and stored, through such vast spaces of time as we can hardly realise. The sight of labourers going a mile away or less from our familiar landscapes, albeit vertically, to create again these unimaginable horizons and hew down the forests of the beginning of time, stirs the strangest emotions. Under those ancient skies a man or a dinosaur would have seemed almost equally juvenile. It is not to be wondered at that a breath of the unreasoning quality of these ages, disengaged from the roots of the mountains, ascends to trouble our kindlier days.

The countrysides are transformed—so are the classes. The new crop of power, and the men who win it or use it, are interjected into the social structure, and we have still to find their niche.

The necessity for survey is obvious. An added control over nature has always demanded a social re-orientation. The subduing even of the horse produced a social cleavage between those who acquired its service and those who did not. The former arrogated to themselves so many good qualities that the name of the horse-user, the

Chivalrous Person, has become a synonym for all that is kindly and noble, as against the boor, the churl, and the villein—persons each respectable in their time and century—who simply worked with their hands on the land. (The same significance does not, yet, attach to the words engine-driver or motorist as against pedestrian. But since it was in particular the war-horse which produced the noble names, it may yet be that the war-engine will produce, in the tank-driver and the air-pilot, new titles for a mechanised aristocracy.)

The practice of bringing clean water to houses through closed pipes produced, by this one change alone, the whole new city-habit of the human race with all that this implies. It altered with a turn of the wrist the town from a consumer of the race into a producer—a change which has not yet been grasped by some eminent demagogues. It made the town the base of the armies, it made the town the base of the peoples. The towns of to-day are no longer only furnaces, but also cradles. All this from a closed pipe with water running in it.

How sharp and sudden the transition has been through the opening of the coal-seams and the oil-wells is difficult to grasp. Take two facts alone.

There have been more minerals used since 1900 than in all previous world-history added together. There has been more steel made since 1910 than from that date back till the world began. All this comes from power. (And to say power is still to say coal as near as no matter. Well over 80 per cent. of the energy used in the world comes even yet from coal, and will come.)

We mentioned above the capricious nature of the distribution of coal. Consider certain figures. Take 1913 as our basis to avoid war disturbances. In that year the world production of coal was over 1,000 million tons (nearly 1,200 millions indeed). The output of 1924 had not greatly altered, being 1,300 million tons. Of the 1913 figures the United States produced nearly a half—508 millions—Great Britain came next with 287 millions. The Dominions produced about 37 million tons more, so that the English-speaking countries produced some 830 million tons amongst them.

The same group in 1924 still produced a comparable amount (820 millions). Compare the Latins—France 40 million tons, Italy $\frac{1}{2}$ million, Spain $3\frac{1}{2}$ million. These nations all together were under 45 million tons in 1913. Even in 1924 they only

totalled 50 million tons, a figure equalled by the total of two British counties alone, Lanarkshire and South Yorkshire. The lack of relation between surface and subsoil could not be more clearly shown. The drive of France towards the German Saar, which gave her 13 $\frac{3}{4}$ million tons a year additional, or to the hundred million annual tons of the Ruhr, is not difficult to understand. Nor is it difficult to see why the Latin countries feel so hopeless towards the repayment of their war debts to the 'Anglo-Saxons'—a war debt consisting so largely of iron and explosives produced from coal, or by coal's power, and why France insists on her inability to pay unless she can correspondingly draw on the German power areas for reparations. For another disproportion take Japan, compared with her white neighbours on the Pacific. She has 77 million people against the 130 million of the white Pacific states—the United States, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. But these raised, in 1913, 530 million tons amongst them. Japan raised 21 million tons only. The fears of Japanese aggression show a smaller base than the population figures would warrant.

There are only some half a dozen centres in the world to-day where this harvest is won in bulk.

Britain, the Eastern United States, and the Rhine area, including Belgium, may be taken as examples. This fact has, and will have, inescapable political reactions. Till the day before yesterday power came each summer from the sun, and was trapped and vatted in the harvests of the ploughlands. States such as Rome or Athens, seeking to extend their sovereignty, moved towards the cornlands, and the tribute of the cornlands, as the basis of their future strength. Other areas of high economic potential were indeed discovered as time went on. They produced disturbances minor in themselves, but analogous to those we now are considering. The fisheries of the Atlantic, both east and west, were realised in the wars of England and France as something whose importance was out of all proportion to many areas of more obvious attraction. Later, the size and value of the sugar crop that could be wrenched from a single tropical island in a single season made it a matter of debate in the British Cabinet whether we should retain the demi-continent of Canada or the one sugar plantation of West Indian Guadaloupe.

But the thousand million annual tons of power-coal, and their consequences, are on a scale so

prodigious that no real comparison with any other time is possible.

A political philosophy is not, of course, concerned with mere figures, but with the deductions to be drawn. The deduction herefrom is that while production used to rest upon the single pillar of agricultural land, it now rests upon the tripod of coal, iron and wheat. Since coal and wheat represent power, they are infinitely more important than the middle term, iron. The coal of the Ruhr will always drag the iron of Lorraine. The 187 million tons of German coal mined in 1913, even the 116 million tons mined in 1924, can never be ignored.

Thus the outlook of Japan will turn more and more to China, where, it is reckoned, lie half the coal reserves of the world, rather than to Queensland, even though China is full and Queensland empty.

And for a final hazard, the policy of a free but coalless Ireland will be of necessity friendly to Britain.

For affairs of home politics it is necessary to use yet further figures. In Great Britain the total consumption of coal, for shaft-horse-power alone, in 1924, may be estimated at some 87½ million tons. This leaves out all the other power uses to which

coal is put, the steamers, the export trade, the heating of metal. This coal consumption gave for available driving energy some $18\frac{1}{2}$ million horse-power. A machinery horse-power is equal to the average work of twenty men. Therefore the engines of this country gave throughout that year the equal of the strength of 370 millions of men—nearly ten steel men for every living human in the island, a population comparable with that of China, turning automatically to work as the factory whistles scream in the morning.

It is a captivity of power of this order which our modern system has to assimilate. The average man of to-day is no more wise than his great-grandfather, he is no more moral, he is no more forbearing. While his brain has remained stationary his muscles have swelled by ten. He is a giant sixty feet high—mostly iron. In every department of life this change is working. The cities do not desire, for instance, the fat meat which the agriculturist but lately produced and the countryman consumed. The substitution of engine traction for horse traction in the United States alone, and between 1920 and 1925 alone, has meant $9\frac{1}{2}$ million acres 'less required for growing horse-food—an area equal to

three-quarters of the arable land of Great Britain, automatically available for feeding the cities of men. Industrial man is now a hybrid, one-tenth flesh and blood, which burns fat, and nine-tenths iron, which burns a rawer fuel. Look at the newspapers of a morning, where we see the lantern-jawed Yank of the old cartoons replaced, in proportion as his twenty-two million motor-cars have turned the combustion of his flesh into the combustion of his petrol, by the cheery, pudding-cheeked figures which are so absolutely unmistakable in the picture pages to-day.

Still, let us avoid over-emphasis. The man behind the gun is still a man, and not half man, half gun. The engineer amongst the *Mauretania's* engines no doubt spends the larger proportion of his time, like other men, wondering how his family is getting on. But the fact remains that opportunities, both for good and evil, have been enlarged incalculably by the machines; that the rise in the standard of living since the Napoleonic times, put as high as fourfold by authorities such as Sir Josiah Stamp, is coincident with the consumption of steam power; and that the increased material prosperity of the United States as against Great

Britain is almost proportionate to the engine energy employed by their respective workers. None of us can watch the iron muscles hammering steel plates, or slicing timber into planks, or even taking the strain as a loaded motor-'bus jerks off from its station, without reflecting on how great a freedom has been found for us in the service offered by the steel men, who, alone of slaves, do not of necessity degrade the natures of their masters.

All this power was, till recently, concentrated in the hands of a small section of the nation—the engineers, whose skilled agricultural labourers the miners were. Clearly, with such a revision of realities, a revision of formulæ must be envisaged also. The narrow distribution of power control still holds, though the increasing use of the internal combustion engine, the 'motor,' has diffused management much more generally than was the case even a dozen years ago. The reality to which the formulæ must correspond is that the slogan 'one man one vote' alters in efficiency when one man is the captain of ten or the captain of twenty, even though his servants are made of steel. The engineer has already more than one vote. He votes not only for his Member of Parliament, but for the president

and secretary of his organisation, trade union or employers' federation as the case may be. It is a moot point which he would be more reluctant to lose, his parliamentary or his union vote, his geographical or his vocational representation. Certainly his influence exerted through the latter is much more immediate and sensational.

The great problem of the twentieth century is the fitting of the machines into the social scheme. They cannot for the most part be cut up into small holdings, and though they can be controlled by committees, they must be evolved and modified, in all their growing stages, by persons with far wider powers, liberties, and prospects, than any Government scheme is ever likely to give.

Are we not witnessing the birth of a new Estate of the Realm? The House of Commons, gathering more and more power to itself, has come to a unitary conception, with all electors not only free and equal, but interchangeable. No account is taken of the difference in function of the voters, which the early constituencies at least tried to respect. An agricultural or fishing constituency, for instance, doomed to be brought up to the average of electoral numbers, is nowadays loaded with any

handy block of population, mining, urban-dormitory, what you will. This is a very new development. For hundreds of years parliamentary representation of the boroughs was standardised far above what their population figure would warrant. This was kept up specifically so that the towns should not be merged in the countryside. The towns, as the balance of population has tilted their way, have not shown themselves so wide-minded. It is doubtful whether this rigid geographical sectioning can represent permanently, single-handed, the structure of society. It corresponds to one great section of man's activities, the activities of the consumer. There is indeed democracy in consumption: a person can only eat three meals a day, sleep in one bed, rise and walk about on seven days of a week. But the activity of the individual as producer is almost infinitely varied. The engine-driver, as he throws over the lever of his locomotive and brings 2,000 horse power into play, is conscious, and must be conscious, of a kind of responsibility and activity differing radically from the common emotions of humanity which he shares when having breakfast or getting his hair cut. The House of Commons has taken up the position more and more of a

Consumers' Council. There is a standing complaint amongst producers, whether directors or labouring men, that the Commons, in taxation or in legislation, thinks of the consumer alone, and not of the producer on whom the whole nation rests. This was in fact the truth which the Bolsheviks were trying to express when they founded their State on the workmen and peasants, the power-makers and the food-makers. Only they left out the consumers, and therewith the democratic corrective of the whole. (It was in the origin of their constitution supplied by the conscript army, the consumers in arms. But discussion of this would lead us too far afield.) It is, however, worth noting that the same conception, that of a guild, or corporate, State, has been drawn upon for the political basis of the other revolution of our time, the Fascist experiment in Italy.

The latest franchise reforms have very greatly emphasised the position of the Commons as a Consumers' Council. The women's vote is, and must be, cast mainly as a consumers' vote. They are producers indeed, but not of the stuff which we are discussing. Women produce life, and men produce property, and this is the reason of their

respective bias, each stressing the value of the effort which they can realise. The introduction of women's suffrage has without doubt done much to reinforce the bias towards the consumer. It is said that as consumers, and therefore interested above all in stability, the women's vote has gone largely into the Conservative scale. If so, a special responsibility will rest on Tory leaders. Reinforcement of this aspect is specially dangerous to the party of the Right.

If the power-users form an Estate of the Realm, what is its function? The main function of an Estate of the Realm is to vote Supply, that is, to indicate to the nation the terms upon which it will provide things essential to national activity. Surely this is the very source and process of the wide-extended strikes and movements which have so disturbed our national life of recent years. It is a section of the people refusing to vote Supply, insisting, in the age-long tradition, on the redress of grievances before Supply be granted. It is the mark, if ever there were one, of an Estate of the Realm. An Estate is not erected by constitution-mongers or by the subtlety of Committees: it is suddenly seen to exist. Whether it sits jointly

with other estates or separately is a matter for discussion and adjustment. But that it has powers, duties, rights—to deny these is to deny a principle as old as England.

Yet when all is said and done it is an Estate only of the Realm and not the Realm itself. The State as consumer rests upon a human equality which all deny at their peril. We prefer that one set of persons should drive the cranes, that others should handle the keen knife of the surgeon, and others again sit in counting houses reckoning up harvests three years ahead. These acts are not walled off from one another by moulded body- or mind-structure such as determines the fate of the worker-bee. Indeed, any Estate of the Realm that challenges by force the egalitarian foundation of all, brings up its own defeat and destruction. The last word will lie with the House of Commons, the consumers, because in service, in discipline, in arms, which are its final argument, we all come rapidly to an equality in this island. After all, death is the great and final consumer, and death is the argument of revolutions. When Parliament is forced to regiment the nation, either for work or for fighting, special categories of skill melt very rapidly away.

To say this is not to assume that the Estates of the Realm can have no grievances as against the Realm, or that the engineers, the power-users, have not both a right and a duty to complain. The statistics given above show how great and how novel this Estate is. The Tories, who fought so long against the usurpation by one Chamber of all and every power, must not and will not oppose a due redistribution.

Nor would this depart from the tradition of the people.

There has always been an Estate of the Realm corresponding to strength or might. The Lords Spiritual and Temporal sat representing facts. If the great barons did not bring their men there would be no Army. If the abbots and the bishops complained to Rome, there would be no marriages or burials. Hereditary right was merely a factor in the make-up of the House of Lords. The elected element used to be very much stronger than it is now. The Lords Spiritual were elected to a man, and in the old days formed something like half the House. Not that they exercised always a proportionate influence. Any real House of Lords is not governed by majorities in a division list. Lords—
Gt

real Lords—represent facts, and facts are what sway them. The strength of the Chamber lies only in its accurate representation of its constituents, the facts, and the skill which each man present shows in summing them up. Needless to say, nothing of this applies to our present Second Chamber, which is an Advisory Council of an unequalled kind. It derives its strength, not from its might nor from its representative capacity, but from the goodness or badness of the advice it gives. The Peers are no longer an Estate of the Realm.

Eminent constitutional lawyers gravely lecture us upon the great evil of this fact, and the urgent necessity of having it altered, which they propose to do with blue paper and red tape. They do not describe nor, apparently, observe bodies at present existing which hold and use the power of a Second Chamber. The younger Tories, in the debates of 1927, showed a sense of values in the full tradition of the party. The Chamber which considers and revises, and, if necessary, initiates, the main lines of our external and inter-Imperial policy is a body whose members are the seven Premiers of the Empire. The six new members, the

six Dominion Premiers, are 'lords' indeed—who levied and launched in our own days a million fighting men without a shilling of Supply from the Commons of Westminster.

Does no constitutionalist see the immense Parliamentary significance of the alteration of status from a Crown Colony to a Dominion? The Governor of the first is a servant of the United Kingdom Parliament, reporting to its officer, the Secretary of State for the Colonies. The Dominion Governors-General represent the Crown, and the Crown alone, and have no Parliamentary connection.

The actual influence of the Dominions, whether exerted by cable or by Imperial Conference, is growing every year. It is actually moulding foreign policy, as in the termination of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance; or even domestic expenditure, as in the case of the Singapore Base. There is appearing a body which in giant matters could recommend the use of the formula '*Le Roy s'avisera*'—'The King will think this matter over'—the old formula for the withholding of the Royal Assent. But the constitutionalists know neither when they have lost nor when they have won.

The would-be reformers have not mentioned the new revising body for internal affairs, the municipalities and county councils, bodies which have the power of the purse, bodies whose assent, as every administrator knows, is inescapable if any sweeping changes are desired in the social structure of Great Britain. But this is not a treatise on local government. Suffice it to say that local government is there—and that the Mayors and Lord Mayors, the Provosts and Lord Provosts form a body whose powers, whose duties, whose revenues are of much greater importance, both to the prosperity and the constitution of this country, than those of any body drawn from inkwells and gum-bottles to dam the tides of revolution.

We have already said that the engineers (in their widest sense) are a group of 'lords' to-day. Their importance in the life of the nation is quite out of proportion to their electoral strength. They are represented sometimes in the Lower House, as with Mr. J. H. Thomas, and sometimes in the Upper House, as with Lord Weir. In such places they are accidental and irrelevant representatives. Baron Thomas of Railways owes little indeed to the fact that he sits for Derby. Baron Smillie of Coal has

actually declined in power since he was returned for Morpeth.

It is still doubtful whether these powerful men feel the weight of their responsibility equal to the weight of their power. That power is not so wholly in their hands as it was a dozen years ago. Then, the secrets of the machines lay almost entirely with those actually serving them. Now, the internal combustion engine has proved tutor for a whole generation. Land transport, which, thirty years ago, lacking the locomotive-drivers, would have come practically to a full stop, is in very different shape to-day. Still more, the war, in throwing men and women of all classes into close touch with the machines, showed an example both in organisation and in hardihood (and both were necessary) for a vast amateur invasion of these sacred places. The bales will be swung, the trucks will pull out, and dynamos will hum, even without their accustomed ministrants. The General Strike showed, once and for all, that, even in a sketchy and wasteful fashion, the nation, outside the normal engineer associations, could make the wheels go round. Only, of course, if the nation so desired it; that is to say, if a majority felt that the grievance which

it was being asked to investigate was disproportionate to the engineers' step of withholding certain supply from the whole island.

Let us elucidate by a further example the real members of an Estate of the Realm. 'Lords' are persons who have to be considered in the government of a country, not because they have observed formalities, but because they are there. Such are the bankers, the financiers, the stock exchange men—all that is summed up in the words 'the City.' There is much invective against the controllers of money. There always has been. They hold their power, however, at bottom, like any other people, because a great number of individuals will act on their word. Capital is not aggressive, it is timid; the finance managers lead a defensive policy always. Their opinion is deferred to, their advice is taken, their orders are obeyed, not because of votes, but because they are themselves. They, too, represent facts, like the trade union leaders. The facts they represent are facts of opinion, psychological facts, facts none the less because intangible. The course of the exchanges and of the stock markets, printed in the morning Press, is the distilled opinion of the financiers over all the world on how the previous

twenty-four hours' events have affected the prospects of each country or undertaking. Results immediately accrue, affecting enormously the world of material things. What the 'City' will think of certain proposals is on quite a different plane from what Lord Grey will think, or Lord Reading, or any other man of wisdom and experience only. The bankers, the 'City,' hold authority of themselves, and projects will fail or succeed, not only because of what they say, but because of what they do, the orders they give which will produce there and then executive results.

These are genuinely 'lords,' and power comparable with theirs is exercised by the leaders, either trade union or employers, of the engineers. But if the bankers ever attempt a hold-up of credit, or a general attack on currency, contrary to the facts of the case and the will of the nation as a whole, they would speedily be brought to reason. The power-makers and users are not yet fully convinced that this will necessarily befall them also.

A third set of 'lords' may close the illustration: the bureaucrats (using the word in its best sense), the Civil Servants. The other Services—naval, military, diplomatic—are whole-heartedly the

servants of Parliament. The Civil Service, which is constantly in touch with that body, is not so sure. True, it does its best ; none could do so more devotedly or with a more single heart. But the Civil Service does the work of Parliament as a clever wife serves a dull husband. The ideas, the energy, the ability of the Civil Servants are such, their long and imperceptible pressure so powerful, that, even unconsciously, they are found, not only performing the will, but directing the course of the country. They are perhaps in many ways the Lords Spiritual of our generation, an aristocracy of clerks, an aristocracy recruited by examination. (It is interesting to note that the most powerful of the State officers to-day, the Secretaries of State, descend from the clerks who came into being to draft out in writing the wishes of their superiors, the ' lords ' of the Privy Council.) The Civil Servants are sworn to an impecunious anonymity, and are celibate to the extent that they can hand nothing of their power to their children. The Roman Catholic Church discovered long ago the force of an organisation based on these principles. But lavishness, a due desire for fame, and the putting forward of sons, are driving forces which no society can ignore. The

aristocracy of clerks is called upon to deny itself these things even in thought. It tends to substitute, for these human hopes, the forwarding of the particular organisation which it directs at the time. This abandons the prop of one whole interest of mankind. Indeed in some cases an actual hostility is generated, a hostility to, or at least a disregard of, the Family, which, either of small men or great, is the inconvenient but irreducible unit from which all societies are built. This forced renunciation and its consequences form the special danger of the power of these great men.

These are examples of 'lords' in our modern life. They could be paralleled again and again, as for example, the 'lords' of Fleet Street, the barons of opinion, the newspaper peers. Let us return to the problem of the engine-users. They are too numerous to be consulted directly. They are too powerful to be ignored. Should they be given a place in the constitution, and, if so, where? It is an attractive idea to move them into the room of their historical analogues, into the House of Lords. The weight of argument is against this proposal. At first sight it would seem right to have the producers, and particularly 'labour,' represented in a constitutional

chamber, where argument could be met with argument, and talk of force would meet the other sections of the nation able to explain precisely why no such policy would succeed. The fact remains that tinkering of this kind with the House of Lords would produce a sham and not a reality. One point alone will suffice. The House of Lords on any scheme yet adumbrated cannot mould finance. If the producers are not to be able to sway financial operations, one great reason for their meeting disappears altogether. Even the schemes for economic parliaments or special syndical representation are out of place. It is not by any ready-made scheme that the adjustment of the new section of the community can be made. The change can only come from a change in the national attitude. It is, however, a special duty of the party of the Right. Syndicalism, Protection, Nationalisation—these are various schemes in which the producer, and, in particular, the industrial producer, is attempting to show his dissatisfaction. Georges Sorel (1847–1922) works out all his advocacy of Syndicalism on this basis. Socialism, he says, is bound to be an obscure matter since it deals with production, and production is the most mysterious

thing in human activity. For most of us it is not the obscurities but the cast-iron cocksureness of Socialism which decides us against it.

Any real fiscal policy must take this grievance of producers into account. It is not merely a matter of control of imports. The increasing burden of local taxation, for instance, falls automatically with heaviest incidence on the producer, particularly the gross producer, as against the *rentier*, the investor. The insurances of one kind or another are almost a poll-tax upon industry. Particularly is this so for unemployment insurance. Unemployment in Great Britain for large sections of the community is not an actuarial risk at all. These, and similar considerations, lead industry to the cry that finance has too much weight in the framing of policies, and industry not enough. The producer feels that the consumer is monopolising the picture. It is a contention which we shall find difficult to ignore.

It is not probable that the remedy will be found in General Elections. The House of Commons is inevitably preoccupied with the interest of its constituents, blocks of population geographically arranged, with their first interests in the home and not in the factory. Industry and politics are not

one, and cannot be fused. Such is the lesson of statistics.

The solution must be found in turning the sense and the good will of our people towards an industrial reconstruction, as they have so often turned to political reconstruction. Here, if ever, a British solution, and one developing continuously out of present practice, must be sought. We cannot as yet rightly seek to solve this problem by international action. We must set our own house in order first. We have a problem peculiar to our island, which has no real parallel anywhere else in the world. It will be said, 'What then is your scheme?' The very essence of this argument is that cut-and-dried political schemes will fail, and will be bound to fail. In industry must be found the way out of industrial problems. What the politicians can do is to recognise the existence of these problems, and, if possible, to appreciate them justly, so as to help in their own political sphere. In fiscal policy, in legislation, in research, we must keep the producer always in the forefront of our mind. But the greatest service we can do is to understand him before we begin to teach. The problems of the producer, as distinct from those of the financier,

or the distributor, are traditionally the province of the Tories, and should be so to-day. We must follow them to their conclusions. Let the producers tell us frankly of their difficulties. Let us listen and not shrink from whatever action the case may demand.

The philosophy of Toryism to-day must be the philosophy of the producer, and recognise his interests as too long neglected. Even on present-day organisation we can see our way to satisfying the gross wants of mankind, the full belly of the slave. What industrial society demands as the special contribution of our century is a philosophy to allow for the special place of the producer, now every man of him a captain and no longer a servant. We believe it may be found in the policy of industry ownership, of labour hiring capital, foreshadowed in recent American joint-stock developments. But Toryism does not believe that the solution will ever be found in the bureaucratic hierarchies of innumerable officials of the Socialist State.

V

A CHAPTER OF SPECULATION

THE survey of a political philosophy in action, or a consideration of its immediate problems, must rank as of secondary importance to a survey of the ideas by which its thought has been moulded. Is there any such body of ideas corresponding to Tory belief? There is certainly no explicit philosophy consistently put forward and consciously defended. We are constrained to examine the movement of thought independently and see whether we can establish coincidence, leaving causation for subsequent consideration.

In this survey, as in others, we must make a start somewhere—and that somewhere we take as the eighteenth century, the century of the French Revolution. But to discuss that century at all we must go back a long way; back, really, to the commencement of European thought, however perfunctory our glimpses may be. The sequence

of thought is yet more impossible to section than the sequence of action. The thought of the Age of Reason is inseparable from the thought of the Renaissance, and that of the Renaissance from the classics whence it derived. Nor is it possible to consider the classical system without at least remembering the moulding and dominating influence of the Christian philosophy. It would be impossible to consider the Pantheon apart from Nôtre Dame.

There are two great groups in Western thought, the workers with reason and the workers with intuition. The workers with unliving things dwell on reason, the workers with living things dwell on intuition. The workers with live things are mystical, the workers with unlive things are logical. They correspond in the history of philosophy to the school of the mathematicians and the school of the biologists. The mathematician watches the inside of his head ; the biologist the outside. You will find these two from the beginning of thought till to-day.

Philosophy, like everything else but religion, begins in Greece ; and so does biology. The first of the biologists was Aristotle. (I will not be led off to the obvious discussion of Plato save to say, in a word, that Plato was certainly a mathematician,

rationalising Socrates, a mystic.) But there is no doubt about Aristotle. He was born in 384 B.C. At forty-one he left Athens and went to Macedon, where King Philip had hired him to be tutor to his thirteen-year-old heir. In three years he taught Alexander the Great to conquer the world, and came back to Athens as a professor. He wrote on the nature of God and on the fishes of the Mediterranean. He was the first to grasp the necessity of a huge mass of observations if sound conclusions about live things were to be drawn. He had many observers—Pliny says ‘thousands’—working for him. He had no doubt the incurable Greek habit of proclaiming results in advance of verification by his data, which is a sin against the spirit in science. But the strength of his intellect, the novelty of his outlook, and his unwearying industry, make us find him again and again wherever we look.

But biology and indeed all true science, after so promising a beginning, withered more and more away. Medicine, for instance, had started under Hippocrates, still one of its greatest names. It started with traditions of service, with humility of observation, with eagerness after truth. ‘The views of my opponents will be strengthened by

these circumstances,' says Hippocrates ; which he then details. How many centuries must pass before men advanced again to so noble a conception of argument ! But medicine went weakly and intermittently till the days of Galen (A.D. 163), when it collapsed altogether, leaving commentators indeed but no successors. There was no intention amongst the heirs of Galen to controvert or to continue the living work of the physicians. Their students felt that acceptance of the doctrines was all they could aspire to. They had no certainty that they had grasped, or could grasp, the underlying thought, and press on for themselves. It is all a most remarkable affair, and the more remarkable because matters were not following a similar course in the other field, that of logic.

There, the schools increased and multiplied. All logic is based on assumption, on postulates. The supply of these indeed was running perilously short in classical times. Then the coming of the Christian dogmas transformed the whole field. In the interval between the decline of the classical system and the acceptance of the Christian system the whole social order ran to the verge of destruction, and what is known as the Dark Ages supervened. The Western
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world, however, struggled out from the Dark Ages by the use of dogma, basing itself largely on the teachings of the Church, though partly on those of the Roman Empire. The tradition of logic was never completely broken, as was the case with the tradition of observation, the tradition of biology. A story runs that the discovery of a complete copy of Justinian's Roman Law at the sack of Amalfi in the eleventh century was hailed like the refinding of the sacred books of a religion. The tale, true or untrue, reveals an attitude. In the unstable social order the decrees of the young law courts had not the sanction of long tradition on which law so largely depends. Yet they knew and knew painfully that such knowledge and tradition still sporadically existed. When these lawyers began to find themselves suddenly in the full succession of the great Justice of the courts of the Empire, their joy of mind can well be conceived.

The theology of these ages cannot be discussed here. No one will nowadays support the view that its teachings were merely obscurantist or unprogressive. But it accepted the necessary mystical basis almost without noticing that any assumptions had been made. Those who did notice believed

that they knew all the postulates. The basis of its conceptions was the idea of a single revelation, the True Thing existing in itself and communicated as a whole. On the framework of postulates scarcely perceived, so universally were they admitted, a great rationalist structure was erected. The mediævalists revelled in logic and argument. It is, perhaps, not to be wondered at that they were so engrossed in the links of the chain that they neglected the hooks from which it hung. Why should they trouble? The support was sufficient to sustain the weight of their time. It is difficult for us to remember that the debate as to how many angels could stand upon the point of a needle was conducted strictly according to the rules of reasoned argument. Yet it was. At the end of that period, the rationalists, proud in their unbroken tradition, forgot that postulates were the basis of all, and eventually took reason as the ultimate authority.

After fifteen hundred years, however, the strength of the biologists was such that they rose from the grave. So found St. Thomas Aquinas, a professor of Italy, in and around A.D. 1250. The very echo of Aristotle's thought, reflected from the Arab commentators, and often through the translations

of three tongues in series, was recognised by him as truth. He was sufficiently great to realise that here were affirmations strong enough to equal his own. There were the two great bases : Aristotelian observation and Christian revelation, each with a tower of logic, philosophical or theological, erected atop. He pushed these two great structures into juxtaposition : they were both true and neither should overlap the other. Theology he knew in the Church. Science he found in Aristotle. He had wrestled tremendously and he had brought the two together. If he failed, he failed in not fully admitting the fact that he was dealing with two ' revelations ' and not with one.

There was the difficulty for the future. Science and religion were reconciled—*that* science and *that* religion. But science, particularly in the fields of observation, had been static these many hundred years and was now about to begin moving once more. Men were mightily anxious to verify Aristotle's views of God and the soul. No one thought of verifying his views of the Mediterranean fishes. This was nevertheless as important as the other, since the fishes were, like the soul, the work of God. By considering the works of Aristotle,

St. Thomas comprehended Aristotle. By considering the works of God three hundred years later, the biologists discovered messages unknown to either.

For the Middle Ages began to come on whole tracts of thought which would not squeeze into their cosmogonies. The breakdown of their system is far from understandable, and it has never been clearly explained by its interpreters. We watch the crumbling with more sympathy and understanding to-day than heretofore. Our century has more belief than its predecessor in the theory of intuition, of revelation, of a sphere in which reasoning processes play little enough part. Also we have seen the break-up of a social order and know to what lengths society might justifiably go to avert this.

We are not at the moment concerned with these issues. Suffice it that in spite of the work of St. Thomas the philosophy of revelation and logic eventually broke down. Let us say that the innate reason was its implication of finality. Here was the truth and here was all the truth. Nothing remained save to draw deductions from it. It was a philosophy unwilling to admit fully that revelation is a continuous process, that

the very postulates may be added to or knocked away.

The new men began to challenge the postulates. It was a tremendous shock to their century to find how little reason left of the elaborate foundations on which so much had been built.

The rationalists cut away the supports from beneath their feet both in philosophy and in theology. But at this very time the rebirth of science took place. The thought of mankind was to be all melted down and cast anew. It was to find its new mould in humble observance of the life around. The scientists, and particularly the biologists, were coming by a great flank march to the rescue of observation; which is in essence the acceptance of the world around us as essentially true, true but unexplained, true though, may be, inexplicable.

The first successor to the mediæval philosophy of revelation and logic eventually appeared in a philosophy based on thinking alone. Here we begin with Descartes (1596-1650) who worked with Hobbes, author of *The Leviathan*, a book on the State as the result of a social compact ('Thus was born that great Leviathan'). They begat

Locke (1632-1704) who begat Hume (1711-1776) These were the men who influenced action. They raised individualism to a supreme importance. Loyalty, for instance, the philosophy of continuity, fell to a place of disregard or even of contempt. We have seen the struggles and the failure of the political Right during these years. Now these men begat Rousseau, a rationalist, not a romanticist, as he is too often called. And Rousseau begat the French Revolutionists, who begat Marx; and Marx begat Lenin, of Geneva and formerly of St. Petersburg.

We cannot omit, even in passing, a mention of Calvin, the gigantic practical intellect which had first brought the next step in the world's thought into a working creed. 'The very slightest account of Rousseau is too slight to be tolerable if it omits to mention Calvin,' says John Morley (*Studies in Literature: Sir Henry Maine*), and elsewhere (*Oliver Cromwell*) he describes in striking passages 'this black granite of Fate, Predestination and Foreknowledge absolute' on which so much of the philosophy and government of that time was founded. The essence of Cromwell's whole intellectual being, says Morley, and indeed the very

essence of those centuries of thought, is summed up in the assured quotation, 'We who are instructed in the science of truth by the Holy Scriptures know the beginning of the world and its end.' To the finality of the revelation of the Church had succeeded the finality of the revelation of the Book. It was in later years that Cromwell, faced with the stubborn government of men, and still more of nations, was forced into the famous appeal to the Scots, whose philosophy of certainty was still more vigorous and no less assured. 'I beseech you,' he said, 'to think it possible you may be mistaken.' How many of us arguing with the Marxists of our own day have wished to utter the same exhortation. Geneva—with the freshwater sea at its quays that never rises nor falls, the ice-needle of Mont Blanc in its sky that never changes nor alters, though sometimes more visible and sometimes less—is a good place to think in, but a ruinous place from which to govern. Calvin of Geneva, Rousseau of Geneva, Lenin of Geneva—the Right needs its heaviest breaching-train to shake these linked and appalling bastions.

The pillar of reason was mathematics. Its crowning achievement was astronomy. Astronomy became

the sport of kings and the glory of States. The post of Astronomer Royal had originally been founded to help the navigators of the seas. It now became a chair of research in pure mathematics. The reasoning of Mathematics became more and more profound. It plumbed the depths of the heavens and weighed the sun in a balance. Finally, as a codicil to the work of the logicians, two men, an Englishman and a Frenchman (Adams and Leverrier), were able in 1845 to work out independently the existence of an outer planet (Neptune) hitherto unsuspected, by observation and analysis of the tiny aberrations of the last known planet of that time, itself a speck of light circulating in the immensities. 'We see it,' said Sir John Herschel, 'as Columbus saw America from the shores of Spain.' The Age of Reason seemed to have brought all things to measure. And, as we have seen, this was reflected even in the details of their politics. It is worth while remembering, when we come to consider them, that the great astronomer was wrong in his belief that Columbus saw America thus by the eyes of reason. What he hoped to see, and thought that he had seen, was the preconceived continent of India. The error blinded him, till his dying day,

to the much greater discovery which, in fact, he had made.

The rationalist philosophers flourished and came in turn to their blank wall. They could not ultimately grant, without knocking away a cornerstone of their system, that the tie-ribs of existence—life, love, sex, many more—must be admitted as postulates, have no foundation in reason, and are more important by an infinity than the deductions which we are able to make from them. And all this time science, and particularly the science of live things, was making giant strides. It ignored absolutely and completely the structure of thought set up by the contemporary philosophers. All this enquiry into the process of knowledge was never consulted by the men who were piling up knowledge itself. Philosophy of the schools plumes itself on being recognised by religion. But it has never been recognised by science. Nor will it ever be. By ‘philosophy’ I mean what has been taught in most Universities under this title, and by the ‘philosophers’ I mean those who set examination papers upon it. It was their windy distillations of words which led Dr. Whitehead recently to declare roundly and as a considered judgment, ‘Science

repudiates philosophy.’¹ The scientists begin to turn their attention to the schools. They will make terms with the theologians: they both think the same thoughts, they begin to talk the same language. But the philosophers shall have no mercy; and their Chairs shall be sawn up for firewood and hawked in the streets. In their place will walk men interpreting the new revelation. They will walk in laboratories and not in lecture-rooms. And the students will pursue them in the old way, breaking in on their work, clamouring for wisdom, like that young Athenian friend of Socrates who woke him twice from sleep, till the two set off laughing together to rouse a newly-landed professor before the dawn was up; ‘because,’ as the boy said, ‘he is there, and withholding from me my inheritance of knowledge.’

A new army comes to complete the downfall. With the nineteenth century the ‘naturalists’² enter and begin to shape events. Biology appears as a real factor in thought. Its problems are the problems of our days, its observations and its deductions colour all our ideas. Reason is all

¹ A. N. Whitehead: *Science and the Modern World*.

² I use ‘naturalists’ as a man of to-day would understand it in a newspaper article, not as a philosophical definition.

very well, but here is the stuff of life. Its first postulate must be the mystical and irrational axiom that physical life is an end in itself—an 'act of God,'¹ that it asks no justification, allows no criticism, will brook no analysis of its motives. And granting all that, that it conforms to certain observed sequences, which if you care you may call laws. The naturalists began at the other end from the mathematicians. After the Renaissance, while the reasoners were going from conquest to conquest, the naturalists were walking slowly with their eyes bent on the ground accumulating masses upon masses of recorded observations.

Francis Bacon under James I was a pioneer of the new method. He led a queer double life of the mind, as a scientist and as a profiteer of the soul. But he had in scientific affairs that downrightness and simplicity by which scientific progress has always to be made. The story of his death is classic. He was revolving the problem of the changes in flesh after death, and it occurred to him that these were much more rapid in the summer—in the hot weather. If that were truly so, would

¹ An act of God is something which no reasonable man could possibly have anticipated. (Legal Opinion.)

they be correspondingly retarded in cold weather? He was an old feeble man. But he left his carriage, he got out in the winter cold, opened a dead chicken and stuffed it with snow with his own hands. He was dead of a chill within two weeks. His experiment succeeded. But it was left to our own time to develop cold storage. Bacon prophesied greatly, though his prophecies needed much fulfilment. Still, his summons turned men's minds.

Bacon was one man, and famous. There were many generations of humble people who passed, before these scattered observations could be combined into any sort of system, much less into philosophies.

It was in the nineteenth century that one such synthesis began. This was the work of Charles Darwin.

Darwin had in his turn the qualities of simplicity and single-mindedness, which the great observers always showed. He sailed for nearly five years round the world to catalogue its creatures. He wrote two great volumes on the ways of earthworms. He worked for twenty years on his 'Theory' before he published a line. But at the end he was led to a synthesis. It was that living things showed so much similarity that in all probability they arose

from a single source ; that all species had a common origin. Second, that the mechanism of their origin was the accumulation of the many small changes in living beings which always are taking place. This accumulation he considered to have taken place by Natural Selection. This is, that since more things were born than grew up, the pressure of numbers caused the wiping out of the least fitted to survive, a sort of cosmic game of musical chairs. There were thus two elements in Darwin's conception, first, that the process of life was a process of evolution, and second, an explanation of the mechanism of this process. In the history of thought the evolutionary theory was nothing novel. The impact of Darwin's theory lay in the suggestion that it was possible to observe how the process worked.

On this basis an outpouring of thought, of observation, of criticism, immediately began. The mass of observations is by this time tremendous, and the full synthesis has not been made. But within a few years of Darwin's publications it was generally agreed that the theory of evolution had stood the test of every examination and it became part of our standing equipment of thought. The suggested mechanism is still before the judges. Any

explanation by the accumulation of small changes must leave over for further consideration why these changes take place at all. There is the further question as to whether they are small and cumulative, or large and then stereotyped. This is no more than to say that Darwin wrote of the 'Origin of Species' not of the 'Origin of Life,' which again is to say that he postulated, as any naturalist must, the whole of this fundamental non-reasonable process. Too many of his commentators forgot the postulate, and argued as though they were explaining creation instead of observing it.

The intelligence and the skill and the patience of the world were turning to biology and all its allied sciences. There came quite early a strange observation. The rocks are laid down in strata, in sequences, and all these sequences were examined. The procession of living things was found to follow these sequences also. But they differed greatly from the rocks. They occurred not merely in sequence but in progressive sequence. This ordered sequence, some say, is called by us a 'progressive' sequence, merely because it tends towards us. In any case it is a very remarkable fact that it tends anywhere. The physical facts of geology do not. The pebbles

of the stream-beds of millions of years ago were in size and shape precisely as they are to-day—the marks of the raindrops were just as you may see them on any street from your window, the tide-ripples on the mudbanks have not changed, nor is there any sign that the continents or the islands become more or less symmetrical—higher, lower, more ‘ideal.’ Not at all. But living things have a definite order. They become more agile, more intelligent, even more pleasant, loving their young and teaching them. They fly in the air with skilled fans of feathers instead of flapping leather-vanes, eagles instead of pterodactyls; they swim in the sea with the fine lines of the new fishes—of cod and salmon; they run true skeletons through their bodies in the rods of limbs and backbone, instead of the limiting crusts of the crustaceans, or the shells of the insects; and they finally abandon armour altogether and step abroad with the supple lovely skins of deer and tiger, instead of the carapaces of tortoises.

A confusion of ideas led to unreal disputes. A popular crystallisation of Darwin’s hypothesis of the mechanism of evolution was the phrase ‘survival of the fittest.’ The critics began to forget, as the mediævalists had done, the postulates: in this

case the irrational life, the irrational change. The fixing of a change was accomplished, according to Darwin, by the fact that the individuals who had not changed were killed. It seems necessary to reiterate that this is neither an explanation of the change nor of the individual.

Dean Inge in a recent most scholarly address¹ summarises the criticism :

‘ All that can be justifiably deduced from Darwin’s theory of the survival of the fittest is that the tendency of nature, or at least of organic nature, is towards stability.’ (A saying difficult to follow since instability is the basis of the whole conception.) And he continues : ‘ That which survives is thereby proved to be the fittest, the best, if we will. But Darwinism gives us no criterion at all whereby we may pronounce one order of beings higher than another. This, however, was hidden from the scientists of the last century who were to a strange degree under the sway of a naturalistic optimism, which regarded an actual event as by the fact of its occurrence of superior value to an event which did not occur.’

Is the Dean taking Darwinism simply as the

¹ Fison Lecture, 1926.

explanation of a process or as a short term for biological thought?

It is not the case that we regard the eagle as superior to the pterodactyl, the great forty-foot bat-lizard of the Jurassic rocks, because it is alive and the pterodactyl is dead. The eagle is a better piece of work. You may say that the pterodactyl was not competing. It was competing. It was trying to fly: the eagle can fly better. I take this as one example only. Anyone—a being from the bed of an ocean on Mars—would admit the contest, and the victor. The achievement of the placental creatures is another case in point. The invention of the placenta, a device whereby the embryo can draw upon the blood of the mother, and continue to grow and be nourished within her frame, is an advance. It is an engineering, a chemical advance, if nothing else. It is an advance in a contest which the earlier living things also had entered. The egg is a less successful solution of the same problem. Every living thing attempts to pass on some of its accumulation, physical or spiritual, its blood or its experience, to its successors. The placental creatures were achieving it.

The invention of the milk-yielding breast, whereby

the blood of the mother is still drawn upon, and this concurrently with the external growth and nourishment of the young—this in its turn is an advance ; not in terms of a subsequent occurrence, but in the terms of general thought. And if it is contended that advance in mechanism does nothing to prove an order of beings as higher, the reply is all in one phrase. Admitting life as desirable—and none can avoid this postulate—the object of these changes, which they are accomplishing, is that these beings should have life and that they should have it more abundantly. The Dean will recall this sentiment.

The later scientific theories seem driven to allow for some purposive element somewhere. But the recognition of this evolutionary process, however caused, began to sap and mine the whole system of logical philosophy, and the rationalists, who lost in practice, have begun to fall back in theory also.

A few years ago this would have seemed a strange claim, since we all have heard of the excommunications of Darwin and Huxley by the bishops of the Victorian days, and the eager welcome given by the rationalists to the evolutionists. These days are past. It was the biologists, not the bishops, who routed the positivists. The whole matter

lies before us in a working model in France, clear and unmistakable in the lucid language of the Frenchmen. We can follow, without a stumble, the transition from the rationalism and certainty of the beginning of the nineteenth century, to the agnosticism, and, later, the humility, of the biological thinkers of our own days.

Pass down the line from Comte, the king of the positivists (1798-1857). 'Everything that happens,' says Comte, 'in the non-organic world and the organic, in the material and the intellectual, in the individual and the social alike, is always subject to rigidly unalterable laws.'¹ Here is certainty with a vengeance. Come to the physiologist, Claude Bernard (1813-1878). He insisted that, even in experimental medicine, the first thing was to have a hypothesis, an 'intuition,' and then to check it by facts. 'To proceed experimentally it is necessary first to have an idea and then to summon facts, i.e. observations which shall check this previously assumed idea.'² He assumes a creative idea peculiar to the development of life. He is impressed, as all biologists must be, with the fact

¹ Dr. Benrubi: *History of Contemporary Thought in France*.

² *Introduction à l'étude de la médecine expérimentale* (Paris, 1865).

of causation, which is not simply change. No biologist but has new moves, novelty, free-will, and causation, the master riddle, driven into his understanding by every observation he makes.

And end for the moment, with Bergson (1859-), who after a long period of scientific study is in increasing danger of excommunication from the other side, the side of the theologians, for leaving reason no part to play and putting everything down to the mystical unfolding of the *élan vital*, the living urge. Bergson emphasises again what he calls creative mind. That is to say in this sphere he is driven to deny the 'rigidly unalterable laws' altogether, so impressed is he with the necessity of allowing for Change, or Choice. Intelligence was brought into being by Life, says he, to work on definite problems, for Life's own ends. It cannot formulate laws to bind its creator. In fact he makes Laughter itself our spontaneous reaction at seeing live beings bound by mechanical convention.

The very citadel of reason, mathematics, seems to be yielding. Even physics; even astronomy. Eddington, one of the greatest men of our days, recently buttressed a point in the Quantum Theory,

a mathematical explanation of certain physical phenomena, by the statement that since we could never have conceived it, it was more likely to be true. In fact, he said, it was possibly the first real law that had been observed in this particular field. Tertullian certainly said, '*Credo quia impossibile.*' But even Tertullian would have felt some embarrassment if he had stated next that the fact that an explanation did *not* commend itself to our reason was in favour of its probable truth. It may be contended that this is what Tertullian said. But this would be wrong. There is a vast difference between *Credo quia impossibile*—'I believe because it is impossible'—and *Verum est quia incredibile*—'it is true because it is inconceivable.' The first is an apology, the second a glorification.¹

All this weight of work and observation has enormously weakened the philosophy of the Left, which was the philosophy of reason. Take one single example. The work of Jean Jacques Rousseau was a summary of the creed of the Left.

¹ One of the demands which the Quantum Theory makes upon the brute power of belief is that a particle, an electron, circulating in the atom, leaves one place and appears in another without having traversed the intervening space. 'As though,' said an expositor lucidly, 'a motor-car travelled thirty miles in an hour, remaining stationary at each milestone for two minutes, and then instantaneously appearing at the next.'

His clear thought, his lucid style, set out in *The Social Contract* the marching orders for a generation. It is argued like a system of levers, and the last conclusion is implicit in the first paragraph. Take then the first paragraph of the second chapter. (I do not speak of his general arguments, his references to population, to happiness, his technical mistakes. There was a clergyman, Malthus, the Dean Inge of his day, who drew attention to this aspect of society with questions still unsolved.) Read the general thesis in the light of the biological work of last century.

‘The most ancient of all societies, and the only one that is natural, is the family ; and even so the children remain attached to the father only so long as they need him for their preservation,’ says Rousseau. ‘As soon as this need ceases, the natural bond is dissolved. The children, released from the obedience they owed to the father, and the father, released from the care he owed his children, return equally to independence. If they remain united, they continue so no longer naturally, but voluntarily ; and the family itself is then maintained only by convention. This common liberty results from the nature of man. His first law is to provide for his

own preservation, his first cares are those which he owes to himself ; and, as soon as he reaches years of discretion, he is the sole judge of the proper means of preserving himself, and, consequently, becomes his own master.'

How can one discuss the origin of man—for the origin of society is the origin of man—with a philosopher who does not mention the mother as a factor in the production of the child? And if it be contended that 'father' here includes 'mother' and means 'parent,' re-read the paragraph with a change of sex. It is meaningless. Worse, it is misleading. It is not an answer to say that Rousseau elsewhere stresses the importance of 'the mother.' We are not here talking sentiment, we are talking of the origin and sanction of Authority. There is no explanation without the biological facts. The children associate with the father for their advantage. Good. But why do they associate with the mother? No doubt the father finds them under gooseberry bushes and takes them home as pets. But the mother! Does the embryo indeed associate itself with the mother for its preservation? Something is transcending both the interest of the parent and the interest of the offspring—the irrational desire of

Life to be born ; the interest of the race. There is one advantage, and only one, that the embryo will have. It will have many disadvantages ; it will suffer hunger, thirst, cold, wounds, pain, misery, and finally death, but it will have life.

And what of the reciprocal clause? Why does the mother associate herself with the embryo? The pregnant woman looks at Rousseau and goes away smiling. And the naturalist goes too, and ponders. Does the great drone bee go on his mating flight for his preservation? And why then at the very moment of union does he fall eviscerated down the high heavens? In how many cases in nature does not the life of the offspring mean the death of the begetter? Does mankind go free of that demand and that adventure? There is no living thing that does. The new cell is fertilised, and that very second a constraint and a direction begin to be manifest. Within a handful of minutes the process of cell division commences. The first splitting of the cells, the first step of steps to the new being, the new individual, the first stroke of the chisel of life—that stroke marks off not the limbs, the power of movement, not the organs of digestion, of assimilation, not certainly the brain and the nervous system,

the power of feeling and the organ of reason. It marks the tissue for yet new fertilisation and reproduction, for carrying on the race when maturity shall have arrived, it may be twenty, thirty, forty years ahead. This determination is laid out for nearly all living things, not in the tenth or the fiftieth division, but in the very first cell-split that ever takes place. By that time and at that time, the life force has allotted its powers: one half for the repetition, at some unknown future date, of the mysterious process, fertilisation, which has just taken place; one half for all the other activities of the organism, assimilation, motion, reason. Where is the schoolman who has declared this mystery? We who see down the microscopes the development, long after, and as a matter, so to speak, of secondary importance, of the nervous system by which we perceive, of the brain by which we interpret, are little likely to justify these as the touch-stones of all reality. Rather do we seek to be saved from a biological Calvinism to which the doctrines of that rigid saint would be mere kindly fairy-tales.

The origin of the family is the origin of society, is the origin of Authority. The origin of the family is not in the brain. It is in the loins. The origin

of society can be seen. It is at the moment when the cell nucleus, divided to its due arrangement of the little rods of protoplasm called chromosomes, begins to diverge towards two opposite sides of the cell in the irrevocable process of creating a new individual. There is neither sign nor whisper of a reasoning organ when this fundamental process is carried through. Nor could there have been when it originated.

It is not long since the Master of Balliol was commending Rousseau as the true gossamer and interpreter of our problems to one of the new philosophical audiences of our time, a working-men's association of London. But in Edinburgh, the men of his own furious race—the Scots, the founders of Balliol—had that year their lectures on philosophy and religion, the Gifford Lectures, to be delivered. They chose Eddington, prophet of Beyond-reason. Some day the Scots will descend again to found another Balliol. And they will take little account of the Master, nor will the students.

Rousseau was certainly consistent. When he no longer derived any advantage from his occasional bastards—which was early—he took them to the Foundling Hospital. But the death-rate in such

institutions is unfortunately high. The practice is well enough for a philosopher. For a nation it has its disadvantages.

What is the real weakness of Rousseau's argument? It is that he nowhere admits that men are born, marry, and die. This is natural and inevitable. In any rational scheme these three great irrationalities must be specifically ignored. Their absence, however, leaves a notable gap in any scheme of things entire, if once attention is focused thereon. This was the new work of the biologists, which crystallised around Darwin.

Towards the second half of the nineteenth century, then, the authority of the rationalists began visibly to weaken. Its failure was visible in a hundred ways—in politics, in philosophy, in science. The turning-point may be indicated almost to a year—1851—the year of the Great Exhibition. The Crystal Palace, which was meant to be the triumphal arch of Reason, was in fact her memorial. Its next international function of any significance was as training quarters for the Naval Division going to the assault on Gallipoli.

The Right says now, as it has said for long enough, that liberty and the dictates of reason do not make

up the whole of man's destiny. Now the leaders may say it with a force which frightens even themselves.

The work of the naturalists has run for less than a century. Its impact on philosophy is not even yet fully felt. There are two aspects in particular which will demand further attention. The major aspect is certainly the alteration in all our thought which is already in train and will develop further, from basing not only our fundamental assumptions but our day-to-day observations on a non-logical process, the process of life. It tends towards a very novel humility. It tends also towards an increased appreciation of the past. Any shaking of confidence leads to a trust in tradition. When the answer to 'Will it work?' is a case on conjecture, the question 'Has it worked?' appears always more important. It is from this new pool that the philosophers begin to draw.

Bah! you will say, this is altogether an over-emphasis on irrationality. 'Living things—Brown, Jones, and Robinson, are they not alive? Do I not see them? Are they not rational? And Robinson's dog? Even his canary?' Say you so? Let me tell you the history of the liver-fluke.

The liver-fluke is a parasite of sheep whose death it causes in large numbers. I am not at the moment discussing the fluke or the sheep. I wish to recount the incredibly intricate efforts to which the liver-fluke is driven in order to continue its kind, not even then an inspiring ideal. Begin the story when the liver-fluke sheds its eggs into the gut of the sheep and so out to the grass. Unless the eggs fall into a small pool of water they all die. If they fall into water they will develop a little larva which swims around and around. Unless within eight hours it encounters a particular species of small snail it forthwith dies. If the larva finds this snail it bores into its lung, and there develops a yet further form. This form gives rise to a parasite of the snail's lung, which parasite reproduces after its kind, but in the second generation becomes yet a further creature, like a tadpole. This tadpole in the fullness of time is shed into the pool once more. Thereupon its tail drops off and it climbs up a stalk of grass. There in turn unless a sheep happens along and eats that blade of grass it will also die. If the sheep eats it, it will become in due course—another liver-fluke! Why should the liver-fluke take such pains, endure such hazards, and where is the key—evolution,

creation, what you will—to unravel the lines that lead it to this course?

It is meaningless, incredible, almost a deliberate insult to our reasoning capacities. Yet the liver-fluke and Plato are made of the same substance. The philosopher of to-day is not afraid of the star Betelgeuse, a pond of blaze 250 times the size of the noonday sun. But when he is shown the liver-fluke he is puzzled ; he is baffled ; he is alarmed.

The first word of biology is that when we deal with life we are dealing with absolutes. We are dealing with a process of which we ourselves are a part. Reason operates only over that which it comprehends. We comprehend the physical universe only in the measure that we stand outside it. If anyone says that he comprehends life he must be prepared to defend this claim from the same standpoint. This is a long way from rationalism.

There may be an argument for Authority. The biologist observes the authority of the begetter over the offspring. He observes the stranger fact, which yet exists, the authority of the offspring over the begetter, the future over the present. He looks at these riddles and goes on his way.

The second word of biology is an insistence upon

continuity, on inheritance, on something that only narrowly escapes predestination. The parents, the tradition, these we shall struggle in vain to ignore. (There is danger and great danger here, in the wholesale popular acceptance of this idea in the wild preachings of nationalism. The new philosophy will have its excesses as well as any of the old.)

A third word will be found in the re-assertion of time as a real element in the cosmos. It is a fact of importance that this process of life, this process of consciousness, existence, so far as the word can have physically any meaning for us at all, actually began at a period of historic time. What is more, that it has continued ever since, not like a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury signifying nothing, but like a traveller hastening on a journey. There is a strange emphasis about its definite march—I will not say towards a goal, but along a non-recurring path. We do not find the timeless eternal universe of which some philosophers assure us. In the evolution of life, the evolution of self-conscious mind with which as living creatures our very being is bound up, each million years means a definite step, which never goes back, which is never repeated, which is always consistent and true to itself.

The earliest fossil shell is never found out of its appointed place. The vertebrate evolution can be placed in a sequence like the milestones on a highway. The philosophy of biology is kinetic, a moving philosophy, not a static. The lesson of a moving universe is the significance of each and every step. If the earlier steps are important the later ones are not less. The biologists have restored to us the significance, the importance, of life, which had been dwarfed out of sight by the timeless philosophers and their cousins, the astronomers, contemplating the myriads of suns. In so far as we know the immensity of the stars it is our conscious minds which have shown us them. We know their size because we are greater than they. The affair which is greater than ourselves, the process of life, walks down a straight road for millions of years and we stand at its extremity.

Mysticism, inheritance, authority, significance—whether do these reinforce the Left or the Right? The question needs only the asking.

Here is one of the great sources of the recent strength of the Right and its philosophers. The doctrines of nationalism have indeed been reinforced into a screaming frenzy. But the facts of the case

are with one side, and that is not the side which has neglected the facts of birth, death, and inheritance, wherever it could shut its eyes to them.

What has all this to do with Toryism? It is no less than the very essence of a creed. It is an explanation of authority, it is an explanation of continuity, it is an insistence on history. A man of the Right seeking to formulate to himself that which he feels to be true, comes suddenly upon this whole system of organised investigation and its conclusions. The thought is his thought, the method is his method, the conclusions are his conclusions. Biology is the logos of Toryism.

VI

A LAST CHAPTER

It was put forward as a working hypothesis at the beginning of this essay that the beliefs of the Right, the philosophy of Toryism, involved a humility of the intellect, a distrust of over-rigid logical processes, a trust in continuity, and a certain optimism. Examination seems to show justification for all of these. History shows the extraordinary strength and persistence of national characteristics, and the success of policy based upon these. In industry the very novelty of the powers presented has prevented us from rising to the full conception of the forces at our disposal. There is evolving before our eyes the possibility of solutions based on the methods of voluntary association which make the logical stratified Socialist Utopias seem less attractive every day. Optimism may yet be justified of her children.

But, most important of all, in the realm of thought

a veritable revolution is taking place, against the conceptions of three hundred years. I have tried to show that for one school of opinion at least the key of all this thought is biology, and that biology squares rather with the creed of the Right than with the creed of the Left. It is for the reader to say whether he thinks this a delusion, or the very truth.

